NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VI.—NO. 42. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1846. WHOLE NUMBER 302.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
At 142, Nassau Street, New-York.

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☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. GAY, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Albany Patriot.

THE CARTER FAMILY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, 1846.

CHARLES A. WHEATON, Syracuse:—*Dear Friend:* My letter to you some weeks since containing a statement about the sale and treatment of Luke Carter's wife and family, I perceive has been copied by the Evening Journal, and am told it has been also by numerous country papers. I am grateful for the generous impulse which prompted Mr. Weed to place it before his long list of readers, and that by his example others have been induced to do the same thing. I did not make the statement inconsiderately. Its truthfulness, I was satisfied, could be established beyond a reasonable doubt. Nor were the facts embodied because they presented a new or peculiarly striking case, but rather for the reason that they were of a class of every day's occurrence in slaveholding life, and simply the natural off-shoot of the system. The case was stated for your information and that of the readers of the Patriot, with no expectation it would extend beyond one or two Liberty papers in our own State.

I learn, however, it has attracted the somewhat earnest attention of Mr. Monroe. He came to Mr. Horace Wheaton some time since with a letter which he had written to some person in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, who had called his attention to the number of the Evening Journal containing the Carter letter, and saying, "if he could not or did not deny the statement to be true, it would render him infamous, at least at the North." I give the substance merely. A note was appended at the bottom forbidding the publication of the letter. Mr. Wheaton simply suggested, that the name would be indispensable to give it weight. In the letter, I am informed, Mr. Monroe attempts a general, vague contradiction of my statement.

In the Albany Evening Journal of the 10th instant, I see a piece over the signature of "Old Neighbor," which abuses me somewhat smartly, but does not deny the material facts stated by me. I brought no accusation against Mr. Monroe in the letter referred to—I bring none now. I clearly admitted him to be in the higher rank of society, in Washington, and I have no doubt he is quite as good a man as the average of his class. For the satisfaction of those who have taken some interest in the matter, I think it right to make a farther statement.

Luke Carter and his wife are *witnesses for the people.* They say the statement in my letter is true to a *dot*, with two exceptions, which are these:—I said Sarah Carter was raised by Bishop Mead, of Maryland—it should have been written *Neal*, a Catholic Bishop. I also said the seven grandchildren belonged to one mother, which is not correct. They had two mothers—one was with them, the other was sold a few years ago, by Mr. Monroe, and the hack drove up to the door to take her off, but by some most happy interposition, she had made good her escape, and found her way to your village, where she now resides, I trust, under the protection of a safe public sentiment.

Are these poor, outraged people—this husband and wife, credible witnesses to the facts as stated? If so, that ends at once all cavil and dispute. Let us see. I have half a dozen certificates lying before me, from intelligent, respectable, near neighbors of Mr. Monroe, who say they have known Luke and Sarah Carter for years; and I give here extracts from two or three of them, as a fair sample of the whole. A gentleman in one of the public offices thus writes:

"I have known Luke Carter for several years, during which time his conduct has been exemplary. His character for sobriety and correct habits cannot be questioned. His statements respecting the unfortunate affair may be relied upon."

Another:

"Luke Carter has been known to me for many years, and I *know* him to be as honest and trustworthy a man as possible. He has seen much distress, and the tale about his wife and family is true. He is trying to raise the sum of $— to pay for his wife, who is a *hard-working and industrious woman.*"

I cannot withhold the entire note of a noble woman, who, as a pledge of her sincerity, gave Luke *ten dollars* out of her own hard earnings. Here it is:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1846.

"I take great pleasure in stating, that I have known Luke Carter for sixteen years, and believe him to be as faithful, honest, sober, and industrious an old man as ever lived. Nor ever did I hear aught of him that was not upright and just. I will feel very much pleased to know that he has a friend who will aid him in his trouble, and I feel confident he will never forget the favor. And Almighty God will bless the charity."

I have in my hands also a certificate of his Christian character in his church and in his neighborhood, by two ministers of religion. But enough. Luke Carter and his wife could multiply recommendations of this sort from morning till night, among intelligent, truthful people who knew them. I ought to add, perhaps, that I have seen the bills and receipts of grocers to the amount of several hundred dollars, and extending through a number of years, which show that poor Carter expended the wages of his labor in supporting Mr. Monroe's *stock!*

There are two circumstances which naturally belong to the drapery of the picture, that must not be omitted. Sarah Carter was kept in the slave pens of Richmond fourteen days and nights. In that time she never touched nor saw a bed—not a rag, nor a straw was over or beneath her, except simply the ordinary clothes she wore. The hard plank floor was her pillow! This she states, and I know it to be the usual *course of the trade*, by my own inspection of slave prisons. What would be said in your Syracuse, if a member of a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Baptist, or Methodist, or Catholic church, should send an old domestic, who had nursed his children, and ministered with simple-hearted fidelity and devotion to the mother of them, in her hours of deepest distress and peril, to the hard floor of the jail for a lodging?

Another circumstance is this. One of Mr. Monroe's daughters married Captain R——, of the army. Some years ago, or thereabouts, she died, leaving an infant ten days old. Sarah Carter had one a few weeks older. She weaned her own child, took charge of the motherless one, which she did for three years—*raised* it as they call it! The neighbors all exclaimed, Mr. Monroe *will free* Sarah Carter;" she has been *so good* in raising the child, having performed the same office for one of Mr. Monroe's immediate neighbors of Mr. Monroe, who know all about this case, would be unwilling to have their names made public. He is a man of wealth and of hot temper, and has the means of annoyance. People here who hate Slavery cordially, are afraid of each other, and conceal their sentiment on the side of right; and justice is feeble—well nigh extinct.

Thus much, my friend, circumstances seemed to compel me to say. It has spread itself over a surface larger by half than I intended. I must only add, that the effect of this story upon the public mind confirms me in a conviction long entertained, that if such journalists as Weed, Bryant, Greeley, and O'Sullivan, would be so far true to civilization and decent morality, as to array before the people at the North such facts as are within their reach illustrative of this infernal system of brutality, a few years only would be required to hoot it from the continent!

So far as these statements depend upon my own naked testimony, I leave to the people of our State to decide upon. I am personally known to a pretty large number of them. They know what value to attach to them.

Faithfully, your friend and brother,
W. L. C.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

NEGROES FOR SALE.

We, the subscribers, have for sale at our establishment, No. 159 Gravier street, (block in the rear of St. Charles Exchange,) a large lot of valuable SLAVES, suitable for plantation, house servants, &c. &c. Persons desirous of purchasing, will find it to their interest to call and examine.

We will also receive and sell on consignment any negroes that may be intrusted to us. We would also respectfully notify owners of negroes and persons engaged in the slave-trade, that we are prepared to board negroes and furnish traders with rooms, &c.

Our house is roomy, airy, and dry.
Terms reasonable. JOHN BADDY.
WM. H. MERRIT.

From the Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer.

TURPENTINE AND NEGROES ON THE RISE!

The Turpentine Region.—This part of our State has never, to our knowledge, been in so prosperous a condition as at present. Lands have risen, one, two, or three hundred per cent.; negroes have risen probably fifty per cent.; and labor is so profitable that the country is full of money to make investments.

At a late public sale, in Wilmington, of fifty negroes, the average price paid for men, women, and children, is stated to have been $550. In the lower part of Bladen, hands hired from $1 25 to $1 61. A gentleman who had gone to Wilmington to sell his turpentine, in pocketing $1,900, remarked that that sum was the produce of the labor of four hands.

As a consequence of this state of things, and for the first time, probably, many persons from the upper counties are moving down. The tide of western emigration may be said to have ceased entirely.

Slavery at Nashville.—Extract of a letter in the Christian Reflector:

"This is a fine city, but it is a devoted Slavery city. I witnessed a sale, a few days ago, of twelve negroes at auction, men, women, and children; husbands sold to go one way, and wives the other. One woman had four children; the oldest, eight years of age, a boy, who was sold to go off to one place, and his sister, six years old, to another. The other sister, only three years old, was sold to a slave-trader, to go anywhere he might sell her. The mother and infant were sold together, she wailing in agony for her children, and staying in the square all day, pleading for her child, only three years old, to go with her; by the interposition of several individuals, among whom was myself, this barbarian of a slave-trader was induced to let her go to the man who bought the mother, by being paid fifteen dollars for his bargain. Such is the cruelty of Slavery. I can never forget the wails of that mother! Some that were sold were half white, and the auctioneer dwelt long upon the fact, to get a better price. There are plenty of slaves here whiter than I am."

Pro-Slavery.

From the New-York Express.

SOUND AND TRUE.

It was with great pleasure that we read the following in the Newburgh Gazette; and in the views of its editor, we are sure all our readers will concur. We must *put down* all the new coalitions the Albany Evening Journal is almost daily proposing, or else *go down*:

UNION OF WHIGS AND ABOLITIONISTS.—The recent attempts of the Albany Evening Journal to identify the Whig party of this State with the Abolition party, have, we dare say, been viewed by the Whigs of other States with profound astonishment, while at home they have provoked perhaps only a passing smile.

Yet, notwithstanding these attempts are, for the most part, *justly* appreciated here, still we cannot but regard them as in the highest degree dangerous to the integrity of the party.

What have we to gain by amalgamating, or, if the term suit better, coalescing with the abolition party? Surely not the success of our principles—for, unfortunately, they are opposed to us on nearly every point of National and State policy. What, then? An ascendancy in the approaching Convention! That were a result scarcely to be desired at the sacrifice of principle. Is there then any consideration apart from this for desiring a union of such opposite and discordant materials? Is the idea seriously entertained, that by such union we shall, at no distant day, be able to concentrate the united vote of the two forces upon a distinguished son of *New-York* and a no less conspicuous son of *Kentucky* for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States? That, too, even admitting that it could be done, were a consummation scarcely to be wished at the sacrifice of principle.

But it could not be done. Let the scheme once become manifest, and there would, in a short time, be no such thing as a *Whig* party north of the Potomac. Nay, in the Union at large, the name of the Whig party—that glorious party which rallied with such fervency around the standard of Henry Clay—even the very name of this great party would, in a brief period, stink in the nostrils of mankind, and be regarded by the unanimous opinion of the world, as the imbodiment of all that was corrupt in political morals, and flagitious in party tactics.

Let the Journal and its kindred prints beware, therefore, how they seek to plunge us headlong into this frightful vortex. The course they suggest may be expedient, for aught we know, so far as this State is concerned, but it is not right, and therefore should not be adopted. Moreover, it involves, besides a sacrifice of principle, a flagrant departure from the policy we have hitherto pursued. All men know that we of the North have heretofore steadily proclaimed, that while as individuals we deeply regretted the existence of Slavery at the South, we at the same time, as a party, could take no affirmative measures for its expulsion so long as the Constitution continued to throw around it its shield of protection. And should we now, for the sake of securing a temporary triumph on some petty local issue, abandon this policy, and treat with contempt the great principles which we have all along professed as the basis of our creed, we should be richly entitled not merely to the ridicule of our political opponents, but to the scorn and reprobation of all just men.

Let us be understood. For the Abolitionists, *as men*, we entertain a very profound regard. We believe them, for the most part, to be actuated by honest and conscientious motives, and sincerely devoted to the principles they maintain. *But as a party* we regard their organization as in the highest degree dangerous to the perpetuity of the Union. Nor, in our opinion, is it less dangerous to the continued existence of the Union than detrimental to the true interests of the slave population. The slaves at the South are not benefited, but injured, by the incessant agitations of their friends at the North. And if we, who have always been opposed to these agitations, shall now, *even temporarily* become parties to them, and attempt to engraft upon the *Whig creed* the doctrines of the *Abolitionists*, we shall in all time be justly regarded not merely as the enemies of the slave, but likewise as abettors of treason to the Union.

For one, therefore, we earnestly protest against the attempted *coalition*, and we appeal to the Whigs everywhere, as they prize the Union—as they love their principles, to frown down any and every attempt to transfer them body and soul into the ranks of the "Liberty party."

From the New-York Globe.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM—NEGRO SUFFRAGE, ITS TENDENCY AND CONSEQUENCES.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the following communication, which is evidently from one who feels the importance of the subject on which he writes, and who would be one of the thousands of sufferers of the Empire State, in case of the fulfilment of the diabolical schemes of the Whigs and Abolitionists in regard to negro suffrage. It is well worthy of being read and re-read by every man in the State, and we hope that the people of the counties in which there are few blacks will give especial heed to the writer's appeal. Why do not the general and ward committees call meetings of the people to consider and discuss this and other important questions of constitutional reform? There is a deep anxiety abroad in relation to them, and yet with very few exceptions, the committees, whose duty it is to call our fellow-citizens together, are doing nothing! Nothing but unremitted action, vigilance, persevering and thorough organization will enable us to elect fit and efficient delegates to the State Convention. Are there any who would be willing to bear the blame of defeat? *None!* Let those, then, who should call meetings, call them at once—give the fullest publicity to their calls, and invite the ablest speakers in our ranks to attend.—Now is the time when great service may be done the cause by prompt and energetic action, and he who sleeps upon his post deserves the most severe censure and reproof. Now read the cartman's communication:

To the editor of the Globe:

DEAR SIR:—As a laboring man, I desire to thank you for the patriotic stand you have so promptly taken, and so ably maintained against the secret enemies of republicanism, who are straining every nerve to degrade all poor laboring white men to a level with the negro. Being a cartman, I can but feel a lively interest in the coming Convention for revising our State Constitution, and would fain have the use of your columns to warn my brethren of their impending danger, and urge upon them the necessity of taking immediate measures, in conjunction with other republicans, to secure the nomination of delegates opposed to taking the bread from the mouths of our wives and little ones, in order to give it to the negroes of the South, who, by the proposed amendment, are invited hither.

Every man of ordinary common sense must foresee, that if the amendment be adopted, creating at once so many thousand negro voters in this city, it will be idle longer to think of preventing negroes from obtaining cartmen's licenses. It is equally clear, that until they shall be nearly equal to the whites in numbers, in education, or talent, they must of necessity remain mere servants, whether allowed to vote or not; so that they will be influenced individually, rather than in masses. And hence, aside from those who would take to our calling of their own accord, it would be for the interest of such merchants as prefer servile cartmen instead of others of manly independence, to employ negroes, thereby directly commanding as many votes as they have negroes employed. Thus, in a short time, all white men, who are able, would be driven from the business, while those of us, too poor to get out of the way of the negroes, would inevitably be reduced to the same relative station in society that are the very poor white men in our Southern cities—for it is negroism there, rather than Slavery, that causes their degradation. Let our trade, or any other, requiring its members to come in hourly contact and mingle with each other, be filled with a majority of negroes, and it will be as difficult for any of the white portion to maintain their present station in society among those who are not obliged to mingle with negroes, as it would be had they served a term in the Penitentiary.

These men, making such an ado about the votes of their dear friends, the negroes, who are they? Men whose delicate palms are often soiled by the touch of the *huge paw* of a cartman or any other laborer? No, most assuredly not! they compose that class who are taught from their earliest infancy to consider themselves as superior to, and born to rule over the toiling millions. *They* never did, and never will, mingle with negroes; but the prayer of their inmost soul is, that *we* may be forced into such unsavory associations, thereby widening the gulf between their aristocratic selves and us. The noble, proud-spirited horse, they would force into harness with the ass. After having secured the *votes* of the negroes, the very next step will be to do what the negroes, and white men with negro souls, in Boston, have been attempting the past year—break down all distinction between white and black common schools—thus forcing the children of the poor into companionship, against which the soul of every pure minded man revolts, as his stomach would against a dish of carrion. But, mind ye, the advocates of this abominable doctrine never send *their* tender offspring to common schools; if they did, they would sing a different song. Should they succeed in forcing our children into the same schools with negroes, (and if they get the negro votes, they certainly will,) they will hold them in but little higher estimation—nor indeed can the children think much better of themselves—than if they were the sons and daughters of felons.

In many counties there are but very few negroes. Our friends in those counties can form no adequate idea of the degradation negroism carries along with it; but if they could once be made to *feel* the disgrace attached to a white man following an occupation pursued chiefly by blacks, they would take care in selecting their delegates to the Convention, to vote for such men only as would not attempt, through a mawkish sympathy for an intangibility, to degrade us and our families, by forcing us down to a level with negroes in those counties where they abound. *Let them make our case their own:* if *one-half, one-third, or any considerable portion of their population were negroes, how would they act in the premises?*

The black population of this State has latterly increased in a much greater ratio than the white; and, from the birthplaces given in the census list, it is evident that a large part of this increase is from abroad. Now, the true course for all laboring men, and all friends of the laborer to adopt, is to insist that the State Government pursue such a policy as will not invite immigration of negroes from other States; but the amendment proposed by these negro-souled philosophers, offers a premium to all shiftless black vagabonds in every State in the Union to come and settle down with us. It would be, in fact, creating an order of negro nobility; for in no other State, where there are any considerable number, is the elective franchise open to them.

It is vastly easy for the "metre ballad-mongers" of Massachusetts to preach, both in prose and doggerel, that the negroes are as good as the *poor* white men any day; but do *they* ever associate with them on terms of equality? It would be very fine sport, I dare say, for these windy philanthropists *on paper*, who are continually prating about elevating the "poor negro," (at *our* expense,) but who would not give a cent to save a poor white man at their door from starving; it would be fine sport for them to see us and ours obliged to associate with negroes, but it would be death to us.

The long-visaged *Reverends* and pompous *D. D.-ities*, who are, many of them, at the bottom of the whole movement, prove themselves to be very ignorant of facts and of human nature, or possessed of very black souls, by arguing that the contemplated amendment will not, if adopted, prove injurious to the laboring white population. In former years, when negroes in this State were voters, the tide of negro emigration did not flow as it now does from the South to the North. Then the Abolitionists, by an officious intermeddling with what is none of their business, had not compelled the Southern States to enact such stringent laws for the security of their slaves; infraction of the laws against free negroes were not then punished with the severity they now are; so that, following the bent of their inclinations unmolested, they remained quietly where they were born, or removed farther south, instead of flocking to the frozen North. There were then no regular organized societies, bearing the name of "Vigilance Committees," continually irritating the Southern mind, by their Torreys, and other salaried agents, ostensibly settling in the sunny South for the benefit of their health, but, in reality, for the purpose of stealing negroes.

Those negroes who, unfortunately for both them and the whites, are already in the State, should be treated kindly; but it is the duty of all who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, to insist that our servants, the Legislators, make no laws encouraging the introduction among us of an antagonistic element—one that must forever remain antagonistic to us.

I am a poor man; but rather than that the coming Convention should remodel the fundamental law of the State, on purpose to induce negroes from abroad to come and compete with us, I would much rather be taxed a dollar a month for the support of a line of packets from this port to Africa, for the transportation of such negroes as are willing to go; *provided* the introduction of any more of a race that can never assimilate with us, be guarded against.

Laboring men! Think, *decide*, ACT; and when we have elected our delegates, let us instruct them to exert themselves to have *all* negroes excluded from the polls, as in justice they ought to be.

A CARTMAN.

New-York, March 3, 1846.

From the same.

THE NOTORIOUS JOHN P. HALE.

This renegade has thrown himself into the arms of the Abolitionists, who have nominated him for Congress, and some other seditious person as candidate for Governor of New Hampshire. This Mr. Hale will never be elected to Congress in that State, and the sooner he gives up the ship, the better will it be for him, for he is in such a predicament now that no Democrat will lend him a sigh of sympathy, much less give him his support. He is a gone coon, —used up and extinguished, "not for a day, but for all time"—a living, breathing, moving, walking, political nonentity. The election for Governor and members of the Legislature takes place on Tuesday next in the Granite State, and on that day, also, a member of Congress is to be elected in the district which Mr. Hale once had the honor to misrepresent. Mr. John Woodbury is the Democratic candidate, and Hale is the abolition candidate; but we have forgotten who the Whig candidate is. One thing is certain to be the result of this election, and that is, whether Mr. Woodbury is elected or not—most likely he will be—Hale is sure to be defeated. See how the *Boston Times* of Friday rubs him down:

Two or three elections have been held, when our friends have not come out in their full strength, and their opponents, aided by John P. Hale, the thrice-distilled traitor, the early Federalist, the once Democrat, and now the abolitionized renegade, have turned heaven and earth to make proselytes. But there is no discouragement in this. It is rational that one whom the Democrats had honored and cherished till they found out his selfish and overweening ambition, and his infamous designs to rule or ruin the party, should have some little degree of influence among his former political friends, but now his hollowness of heart and of principle, has been found out, his vile purposes are understood, and the loud-mouthed bayings of this false hound duly appreciated.

He and his abolition friends stand together—a noble coterie truly—recreant to their country and its Constitution—despised and repudiated by the American people. Such a cause, and such advocates can have no abiding influence, certainly not in New Hampshire. In Massachusetts, even, the Whigs are ashamed of their late abolition allies—they say that by such an union they were defeated at the late Presidential canvass—and that they will have nothing more to do with their alliance. Our Boston capitalists have indeed poured out money like water to aid their friends—the Whigs proper—to injure the Democratic party in New Hampshire—and they try to amuse the Abolitionists also in that State, but it is only to use their services for their own aggrandizement. Whatever may be the plans of these several *cliques*, they are both doomed to disappointment—if we mistake not the spirit of New Hampshire freemen.

From the New York Evening Mirror.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

At the approaching Convention an effort will be made to throw open the right of suffrage to the colored population of this State. So far as our little influence goes, it shall be exerted not only against an extension of the franchise beyond its present property qualification, but in favor of a total denial to the negro race of all right of interference with the Government of this country. We have not formed our opinion on this subject hastily, but have given to its consideration earnest thought, and have reluctantly come to the conclusion we announce. In the abstract, a negro is as much entitled to suffrage as a white man, but no human relation can at present be regarded but in the connection. A woman in the abstract is as much entitled to engage in Government as a man, but in the connection, this privilege must be denied her. There are many reasons in favor of denial, which, as the whole world has always felt and always will feel, it is useless to recapitulate. The black must be denied a political equality with the white, because he can never attain a social equality; in such a case it is equally hard to deny the last as the first privilege. The black must be denied a political equality with the white, because in one-half of the confederated States his brethren are slaves, and a black citizen can never, in self-defence, be considered by them other than an enemy. The blacks should have every inducement held out to them to quit the North for St. Domingo, or for their own native country; for they never can exist amongst the whites but as an inferior race, and an inferior race must always be a degraded race. Denying them political rights will aid in bringing about this result. We are anxious that the State should instruct them, supply their wants, watch over them with parental care, exert all the power of its laws to make them happy, so far as a good Government can aid in making mortals happy, but it should deny them the rights it denies to all men under twenty-one, and to one-half the human race.

We cut all the items which follow, from a single number of Slamm's Globe:

A Negro Jack Sheppard.—A vagabond negro who had been confined in Baltimore for attempting to violate a white girl, and other infamous conduct, tried to break out of jail in fifteen minutes afterwards. He first forced out a small iron rod from the stove, which he bent up, and, with the instrument thus formed, picked out two bricks from over the stove. With these bricks and the bent rod, he contrived to split the solid casing of the window leading into the yard, into fragments, and to break away also a large portion of the brick work around. He then, by main strength, pulled out the inner frame, composed of iron bars and cross pieces, in one solid piece. Fortunately the black scoundrel was caught in time. Through the maudlin, sickening sympathy of a few pale-faced, soulless Abolitionists, who encourage amalgamation, the blacks in free and slave States, are committing a rapidly increasing number of outrages.

Outrage to Passengers Travelling in the Long Island Railroad Cars.—We have been credibly informed by a gentleman who was a passenger in one of these cars yesterday, that he had to sit in a car where there were negroes, and that he had experienced this insult before that time. Upon remonstrating with the Conductor, he informed him it was not his fault, for the Directors would not allow a separate car for the colored people to be run during the winter, and he was obliged, therefore, to put *black and white together.* Certainly this is a very pretty piece of business, and highly creditable to the Directors, of which we believe a Mr. Fisk or Fish, or some such name, is chairman. Are all or any of these gentlemen practical abolitionists? Their conduct plainly indicates they are, but whether they may be so or not, certain we are the white public will not any longer tolerate such outrages to be continued, and the sooner they are discontinued the better it will be for the company. If they be not we shall recur to the subject again.

Several boys have been arrested in Boston for stealing iron. A gentleman in court said that he had landed at his wharf seventy tons of iron, and in about three weeks from the time of landing it fell short in weight five and a half tons. And this is in the moral city of Boston, *where negroes are daily insulting ladies and rioting in the streets.*

What might have been expected.—Whilst Cassius M. Clay held himself amenable to the laws of honor between gentlemen, he was a civil, well-behaved man: but now that he turns to and abuses all who differ with him, he says that he no longer recognizes the right of personal accountability. Abolitionist like.

Another horrid rape has been committed on the person of Mrs. Margaret Covert, (a white woman,) in Philadelphia, by *a fellow, who we believe is a negro.* It was a most aggravated case, and he has been sent to jail.

Selections.

From the True American.

THE SEDITION LAW.

It will be seen from the act of the Kentucky Legislature, in to-day's paper, that the sedition law has dwindled down into a very harmless affair. After the infamous and cowardly mob of the 18th, and the reappearance of the True American, the poor mobbites who have become the laughing-stock of the very boys in the streets, some of them being even hung in effigy, seeing that they had taken off inert types in the absence of the legal owner, appropriating them to their own use, whilst the living editor was walking about among them, consoled themselves by nodding their heads and saying, "never mind, we'll have him in the penitentiary yet." Sure enough, when the Legislature met, a bill was brought in, utterly destroying the liberty of the press, and making the circulation of the Bible, and the Declaration of Independence, by being "*calculated* to excite slaves to insubordination!"—PENAL!

The tobacco interest in the State were the foremost in this matter, with some honorable exceptions; but failing to play the tyrant over their own citizens by disregarding every principle of reason, justice, the common law, the Constitution, and common sense, in their usual spirit of kicking the breeches of Northern men, they extended their laws over the *free States.* Of course when it came to the lower House this Quixotic law was cut up—"gutted," as some of the members vaunted. The nation will no doubt be surprised to find the more numerous body of the Legislature composed mostly of young men, sitting as censors, and correcting the follies of grave Senators! But they must remember that the Senate is of the old dynasty, and knows not of the young giant Liberty, which is arousing itself among the *people* of the present generation. We had the pleasure of looking in upon the House, and hearing many members priding themselves that the monster "was gutted—made its dying effort—never to rally again." And so we venture to say it will be forever. In the meantime, we ask our brothers—*the five hundred thousand white non-slaveholders, to make those tools of slaveholders, who were willing to sell our liberties for gold, meet the doom of traitors! And whenever they present themselves at the polls for office, let us see if we can't find some other men than they to represent* FREEMEN. For we now,—since the Kentucky Legislature has refused to stand by the usurpation of the 18th of August, giving an earnest that the laws will be *vindicated,*—are proud to say that *Kentucky is yet free* to us, the *whites*, at least. God speed the time when not a *slave* of any color shall desecrate her lovely soil and glorious name!

The liberty of the press was most ably sustained by the mountains, where few slaves exist. We are glad of this, for it proves that the *true issue* begins to be understood, and that we, the *non-slaveholders* of this State, are destined to overthrow Slavery. *We have the power*, when we understand each other, and *we will use it.* The Legislature having very justly passed full laws to punish all the abuses of the press and *the exciting slaves to insurrection;* we suppose we shall have no more Lynchers using the plea of *necessity* for their *cowardly plots of assassination!*

ADDRESS,

From the persons assembled at a Meeting convened by Public Advertisement, and held in the Corn Exchange, Manchester, 2d of February, 1846. To the citizens of New-York, and the inhabitants of the United States, generally.

FRIENDS:—Accept this as a token of friendship and unfeigned good-will, and of our earnest desire that nothing may be allowed to interrupt those amicable and mutually beneficial relations, which, under divine favor, have now for so many years subsisted between your country and our own.

Unhappily there is, at this moment, the rumor of a possible breach of these friendly relations: and our object in thus addressing you is, to ask your aid in endeavoring to dispel a rumor so baneful in its present consequences, and so calculated to lead to still more disastrous results.

It were a mere truism to say that peace is a great blessing; and that war is a scourge and a curse. You know and we know that a hostile contest between the two nations would fearfully demoralize both; that it would paralyze commerce; that it would for a long period mar the prospects of the people of both countries. But, indeed, language would fail adequately to describe the folly and wickedness of a war about a desert, and comparatively valueless territory, a war which would "load both nations with guilt, in proportion as it galled them with woe."

You and we have a common ancestry, which unites us in a closeness such as unites no other two nations. Our ties are such that, should war arise, men must, on either side, be hired to be "murderers of fathers, and murderers of mothers."

We desire to acknowledge our dependence, for "life and breath, and all things," on the Governor of the Universe, on Him, who, having made the sea as a highway for the nations, and the "trade wind" as a wafting-power, has, in His providence, thus designed, that the varied products of the varying climes of the earth should be freely borne from the shores of one nation to the shores of another. We therefore sincerely congratulate you and ourselves on the early prospect of a still closer bond of commercial union between these two great nations.

It was a wise proposition of one of your own countrymen, that all international treaties should contain a clause, binding the two contracting parties to refer any future question in dispute to the decision of arbitrators: we invite you to assist us in endeavoring to have this proposition brought into immediate practical use; to unite with us in declaring to the world, that these two enlightened and powerful commonwealths ought to cease from war; that they ought no longer to appeal to that last and worst resort of the rulers of nations, recently described by the venerable philanthropist Clarkson, now in his 86th year, as "fit only for wild beasts, and below the reason and dignity of man."

We ask you to unite with us in recording a solemn testimony that the differences of these two countries ought to be settled, not by arms, but by reason—that arbitration, and not coercion, ought now to be the final resort—that the pen, and not the sword, must now be the arbiter of these nations.

Accept this, then, as a token of our friendly feelings—of our wish that you and we, and the other nations of the earth, whom Providence has designed to be mutually dependent, may become more and more united in the bonds of a universal Christian brotherhood; and of our hope that the golden chain of amity, which has for many years linked you and us in a common bond, may become brighter and stronger—that the peaceful heralds of commerce which are daily wafted across the Atlantic, may hold on their uninterrupted course, and that hostile armaments may only be heard of in the record of events long past and ever to be deplored.

Wishing you health and prosperity, we subscribe ourselves YOUR FRIENDS.

Signed in behalf of a public meeting, held in the Corn Exchange, Manchester, Old England, 2d Febuary, 1846. By

W. McKERROW, *Chairman.*

From the True American.

CORRECTION.

THOS. F. MARSHALL.—A report has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect, that we had shot Mr. Marshall in a duel. Our friends are aware, whilst we are ever ready to defend our legal and natural rights, by all the power that God has given us, that we have abandoned that *bloody child of barbarism,* and *Slavery, the duel.* We trust that we are as magnanimous over a fallen foe, as we are ready to resist a powerful one—and Mr. Marshall's misfortunes have stripped us of what resentment we felt that we had a right to indulge towards him, for his unrelenting persecution of us in our hour of prostration and weakness.

And were it otherwise, feeling ourselves deeply wronged, we had but to sit still, as we were compelled to, and see those awful and startling denunciations of Scripture, "Vengeance is mine and I will repay," and such like phrases, *literally fulfilled!*

Not one year has passed since the mob of the 18th, and yet we have lived to see some of its most prominent advocates drinking the bitter cup which they would have thrust upon us. Some have been publicly disgraced—some have suffered the loss of friends and family—some have been reduced to poverty—some have gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns; and some are now walking about among men, in the full tide of reason and strength, with the horrid image of inevitable death before their eyes daily, with haggard countenances, showing their consciences are bloody with crime of proposed murder!—living over the four days and more, which they inflicted on a supposed dying man! However much we attempt to dispel *the idea of a Special Providence, when men see these things,* reflection will seize on the mind—remorse upon the soul—and we venture to say, that not one of all those triumphant thousands, who, in August, perpetrated the foulest crime known among men, will pass away, without bitterly regretting that day—for as we foretold, it shall "BE ACCURSED." And when any of those evils arise, to which all men are liable in the course of nature, *they shall then remember, and we shall be avenged!*

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

We give some further extracts from this Report:

ENGLAND.

The attention of the English nation, both politicians and people, has been anxiously directed towards this country, during the past year, watching the course of our public policy with a curious eye. The contempt which our Slavery, Lynch Law, Annexation, and Repudiation, had brought upon our national character, has not been diminished by the vaporing spirit and bullying tone which our rulers have seen fit to indulge on the subject of Oregon. This question is yet unsettled, and England is making silent preparations to vindicate what she conceives to be her rights by the sword, in the last resort. It is not at all probable, however, that she will be compelled to this ultimate argument. The slaveholders are now supreme in the Senate of the United States, by an actual numerical majority, and it is not probable that they will lay waste their cotton plantations, and invite, by their weakness and hostile domestic population, the invasion of an emancipating army, for the sake of giving free territory to the North. A war with England they fear too truly would be a war of Emancipation. And the risk of such a war we do not think they would incur, unless it were for territory fitted to enjoy the blessings of Slavery. The promise of the whole of Oregon was extended to the West to bribe her to consent to their acquisition of Texas; that being now secured, England will be propitiated to ensure their quiet enjoyment of their prey.

The hostility to negro slavery, which is now become an integral element of the British character, has manifested itself on frequent occasions. The Message of President Tyler to the Senate on the African Slave-Trade, in which he spoke of the condition of the Africans liberated by the British cruisers, in the West India Islands, as no better than that of slaves, was the subject of discussion in the House of Commons. Mr. Aldam, member for Leeds, called the attention of Sir Robert Peel to the Message in a spirit of just indignation. The prime minister stated the exact state of the case, that the liberated Africans were absolutely their own masters, as soon as they touched the British dominions, and expressed his surprise that the President should have made so gross a misstatement, without inquiry into the facts.

In a speech on the Sugar Question, the Right Honorable Thomas Babington Macaulay took occasion to expose and denounce the horrors and enormities of American Slavery and of the internal slave-trade, with a severity and eloquence worthy of his own fame and of the great Anti-Slavery name he bears. His political and literary celebrity secured to it an extensive perusal in the United States, and its influence and beneficent effect extended over a much wider field than he probably dreamed of, at the time he uttered it. The audience of a British Senator is not limited by the walls of the House of Commons,—it is co-extensive with the nations which speak the English tongue; and the blessing or the rebuke of his burning words, though spoken on the Thames, resound in the ears of the dwellers by the Ganges and the Mississippi.

A complimentary correspondence having taken place between the Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League and Mr. McDuffie and Mr. Calhoun, in which these champions of Slavery were recognized as distinguished friends of free trade, gave rise to action on the part of some of our trans-Atlantic friends honorable to their clearness of vision and singleness of heart. Mr. Edward S. Abdy, who is honorably known to Abolitionists as one of the few English travellers in this country who maintained their Anti-Slavery integrity, and who is one of our warmest friends and most useful correspondents, withdrew from the League, on this account, and assigned his reasons in a well-argued letter, in which he showed the inconsistency of recognizing "soul-drivers and negro-jobbers"—"the enemies of personal liberty, as the friends of commercial liberty." Our faithful and untiring friend, James Haughton, of Dublin, addressed letters of expostulation to the editor of "THE LEAGUE," and to Messrs. Cobden and Bright, the Free Trade champions in Parliament, expressing his pain at seeing the complimentary communications of the Council with "two men, whose names stand foremost among the oppressors of their race." It is a significant fact that "THE LEAGUE," the Anti-Corn-Law organ, refused to publish these letters of Mr. Abdy and Mr. Haughton, thus affording the strongest acknowledgment that they were unanswerable. It is believed that multitudes besides sympathized in these regrets, and it is to be hoped that the Council of the League will learn that the Free Trade of slaveholders is synonymous with monopoly in human flesh.

During the last year, the Anti-Slavery cause has lost one of its most earnest and faithful friends by the death of Sir THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, Bart. the chosen successor of Wilberforce, for many years the Anti-Slavery leader in the House of Commons. He was unwearied in his efforts to procure the abolition of West India Slavery, and it was in a great measure owing to his exertions in the House of Commons, as the representative of the Anti-Slavery spirit of the people, that it was finally effected. The mistake of his Anti-Slavery career was, his consenting to the apprenticeship system, insisted upon by the Ministry as an additional compensation to the masters. This mistake we believe no one saw more clearly, or regretted more deeply, than himself. His name will be inseparably connected with those of WILBERFORCE, SHARP, MACAULAY, and other friends of the African race.

The venerable CLARKSON, in the serene and beautiful evening of his illustrious life, renews to us from

year to year his words of sympathy and of counsel. Though bending beneath the weight of nearly ninety winters, his heart still glows with the ardor of youth in the great cause of human liberty. Not content with the success which has crowned his own conflict with Slavery, in his native land, he is eager to give to us the countenance of his great name and the wisdom of his long experience, in the struggle in which we are plunged. His appeals to the American people in behalf of their slaves have produced a wide and deep impression, and have summoned into the field, within the last year, the latest, and ablest champion of Slavery, in the person of Governor HAMMOND, of South Carolina. He understands the philosophy and the history of our movement, and renders justice to him who began it. "Our great cause," says the Patriarch of Anti-Slavery, speaking of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, "our great cause is deeply indebted to him, for there was a time when it slept, and could not have been recovered, unless he had kept the flame alive." It is to him, too, that we owe the knowledge of the Anti-Slavery testimony of LAFAYETTE, in his latter days—"I WOULD NEVER HAVE DRAWN MY SWORD IN THE CAUSE OF AMERICA, IF I COULD HAVE CONCEIVED THAT THEREBY I WAS FOUNDING A LAND OF SLAVERY!" In an old age, which has survived the detractions and enmities of his crowded prime, he enjoys the pure triumphs of his beneficent victories, amid the unanimous veneration of the age. May it yet be long ere death shall set his seal upon his fame, and summon him from the scenes of his toils and of his glory!

We have received from our Anti-Slavery friends in England fresh assurances and proofs of their continued sympathy with us and those whose rights we maintain. Contributions, valuable for their intrinsic worth, but more valuable for the spirit of which they were the signs, enriched the tables of the Annual Bazaar, from friends in London, Bristol, Darlington, Birmingham, and many other places. We hope to deserve a continuance of their friendship and confidence by our fidelity in the great cause which is our bond of union.

SCOTLAND.

In Scotland the agitation which was excited by the course of the delegates of the Free Church to the United States, in receiving the money of slaveholders for their pious uses, has by no means subsided. The demand still continues to be heard for the return of the price of blood. We entered fully into this question in our last report, and have not time to trace the history of the past year's labor in this behalf. The consistent Abolitionists of Scotland have had the assistance of our beloved friend, HENRY C. WRIGHT, whose experience in the warfare with Slavery at home, makes him an invaluable auxiliary in such a battle. He has been indefatigable in his labors, and has been rewarded with the hatred of his antagonists and the confidence and approbation of his coadjutors. He published in the Glasgow Argus a series of letters on "the Dissolution of the American Union demanded by Justice and Humanity, as the incurable enemy of Liberty;" in which he established his position by the most irrefragable proofs. He also addressed "a letter to the Rev. Drs. CHALMERS, CANDLISH, and CUNNINGHAM, on Christian fellowship with slaveholders;" in which he exposed the absurdity and wickedness of the attempt of those ministers to cover up and palliate the sin of slaveholding, in the clearest and most emphatic manner. Another letter "to the members of the Free Church," briefly but stringently urged upon them the duty of sending back the money obtained of slaveholders. These letters have since been published collectively, and we trust will receive the circulation and attention which they deserve. We apprehend that the Seceding Kirk will find a correct attitude on this subject to be essential to a church that depends for its existence on the voluntary respect and free-will offerings of the people.

The Reformed Presbytery of Edinburgh, on the 30th of April, passed unanimously a series of resolutions in reference to American Slavery and church-fellowship with slaveholders, which were of the most thorough and uncompromising character.—They covered the whole ground, and might serve as a model for consistent church action upon Slavery.

The Glasgow Emancipation Society have continued their zealous and useful labors, without cessation or weariness. Wherever there has been a testimony needed, their vigilant eyes have marked the necessity, and their faithful voices have uplifted it before the world. It would be impossible for us to enumerate the occasions on which they have uttered the needful word, at the moment it was wanted. Among their other good works they have published an address "on the American Board of Foreign Missions, and the Rev. Dr. Chalmers on Christian-fellowship with slaveholders, to Christians of all denominations, but especially to the Free Church." The topics of this address may be inferred from its title, but it should be read to do justice to the manner in which they are handled. They have also prepared a Memorial and Remonstrance to the office-bearers and members of the Protestant churches in America, expressing their sense of the sin of Slavery, of the duty of refusing church-fellowship to those who practice or tolerate it, and their sympathy with those churches that had withdrawn such fellowship. This memorial they took means to have extensively signed for the purpose of being transmitted to this country. It is a just source of satisfaction and encouragement to know that we have the approbation and assistance of such spirits in our difficult conflict with Slavery.

To the women of Scotland, particularly those of Edinburgh and Glasgow, we again offer our cordial thanks, in the slave's behalf, for the labor of their hands freely given for his sake. The Anti-Slavery Bazaar was indebted to them for many of its choicest treasures, possessing a value not to be estimated in money, as the proofs of their devotion to the cause of them that have no helper. They neither need, nor ask for, the reward of our thanks, for what was but a relief to their own hearts and consciences. But we can assure them that the unselfish motives of their labor are fully appreciated by us, and that its fruits shall be applied, with the most conscientious fidelity, to the purpose for which it was bestowed,—the advancement of our common cause.

IRELAND.

The Abolitionists, and the people of Ireland, have given us, during the past year, renewed and increased proofs of their sympathy with us and their abhorrence of Slavery. Their words of protest and remonstrance have been uttered against its abominations, in public and private. On the 4th of August, at a meeting of the Repeal Association, Mr. John O'Connell, M. P. eldest son of the Liberator, vindicated his hereditary hatred of oppression, by an eloquent and fervid denunciation of Slavery, worthy of the son of O'Connell. It called forth a defender of the slaveholders in a Mr. Scott, one of the exceptions, it is to be hoped, which prove the general rule of Irish abolitionism, who undertook to censure Mr. O'Connell for introducing the subject on that platform, and thus obstructing the free course of slaveholders' funds into the treasury. This gave Mr. O'Connell a fresh occasion to repeat and enforce his positions in a yet more indignant strain of eloquence, which appears to have carried his audience enthusiastically along with him. This speech was extensively read in this country, and encouraged the hearts of the foes, while it enraged those of the friends of the infernal slave system.

We have been in frequent and profitable communication with our Anti-Slavery Irish friends, whose assistance and sympathies are ever seeking new forms of expression and fresh channels of communication. Their enlarged philanthropy and far-reaching philosophy teach them the folly, as well as the narrowness of the doctrine that would limit their sympathy and their efforts to the wrongs and the redemption of their own oppressed countrymen. They scorn and repudiate the base and servile spirit that pronounces the condition of the Irish peasant, or the English laborer, to be equally degraded with that of the American slave. They see plainly that the gulf which separates their Sovereign from the meanest of her subjects, is not so vast or so impassable as the abyss which is fixed between that humble freeman and the most favored of the American bondmen. They know that the most abject beggar in Ireland, the most wretched of the starving operatives of England, would spurn as an insult a proposition to exchange his condition for that of the "fattest and sleekest" of the slaves of Henry Clay. They perceive that the existence of American Slavery is the chief obstruction to the progress of liberal principles and of wise reformation throughout the world; and that they cannot expend their energies better, even for the attainment of their domestic ends, than to put them forth for the destruction of an institution, in a bragging Republic, which strengthens the hands and encourages the heart of tyranny everywhere. They feel that it is vain to expect the deliverance of the Irish, or of the English laborer from his distress and debasement, so long as the laborers of half the model Republic are ranked with household stuff and beasts of burden, by the democratic despots of America. Therefore, they are sure that it is no fanatical folly, but the wisest forecast, as well as the most enlightened humanity, which leads them to extend their helping hands to the American slave. These, we apprehend to be the just and liberal views to which we owe the steady and intelligent assistance of the true-hearted Abolitionists, not of Ireland only, but of the British empire.

The zeal of the Anti-Slavery men and women of Ireland, as well as those of England and Scotland, was made manifest this year by their works in the shape of larger and more valuable contributions to the Massachusetts Bazaar, than even they had ever before bestowed upon it. The elegant industry of the women of Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and other places, adorned its tables with many of their chiefest ornaments, and largely contributed to the brilliant result of the Bazaar. In the name of the three millions of American slaves whom we serve, we thank them for these tokens of their remembrance of them and confidence in us. In return for their still increasing munificence we can only promise to be faithful stewards of their bounty, and to endeavor, with our best judgment, to employ it for the speedier downfall of American Slavery.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The American Anti-Slavery Society held its Eleventh Anniversary in the Tabernacle, in the city of New-York, on the 8th of May. It was very numerously attended and was addressed with great effect by Mr. GARRISON, the President of the Society, Mr. PHILLIPS, Mr. SANDERSON, Miss HITCHCOCK, Mr. BELL, of Kentucky, Mr. GREW, and Mr. DOUGLASS. The speeches were of the highest order of talent, and fitly uttered the vital principle of the society, "NO UNION, POLITICAL OR ECCLESIASTICAL, WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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It is a gratifying circumstance that the Treasurer, Mr JACKSON, was able to state to the society, that, for the first time for many years, if not since its formation, it was out of debt. The rigid economy enforced by the Executive Committee, aided by the large amount of labor performed without compensation, had enabled them to discharge all the former debts of the society and to conduct its business entirely on the principle of cash payments. * * * * * * *

In the editorial department of the paper, Mr. Gay has had the occasional assistance of MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN and EDMUND QUINCY, whose services are, of course, wholly and strictly gratuitous. The duties of the general agency have been performed by WENDELL PHILLIPS, without money and without price, as have been those of the Treasurership by FRANCIS JACKSON. These facts are mentioned, to illustrate the principle on which the cause is now conducted, with regard to the expenditure of funds. All those who have the means of subsistence from any other source, are expected to contribute as much of their time and labor as their sense of duty demands, without any pecuniary recompense. Those who have no extrinsic means of livelihood, and whose services are indispensable to the cause, are allowed what they, in view of its necessities, consider absolutely indispensable to a bare subsistence. In this way, a very moderate sum of money is made to do a work greater than would seem to be possible in view of its amount. None are expected, or asked, to come into this enterprise with any hope of selfish advantage,—none who are not willing to spend and be spent in its service. The scanty revenue of the slave is only to be taxed for what is necessary to procure for him the service he needs. That service is due to him as a free will offering, wherever, and to whatever extent, it is practicable. These are the views which guide the action of this society, as well as of the Parent Society, and we believe their justice is acknowledged by all whom they concern. And, this being the state of things, we feel free to call upon the Abolitionists to pour their gifts into the treasury of the slave, as they must feel sure that it is for his sake, and not for our own, that we ask it.

From the Salem Register.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER, WITH NINE HUNDRED SLAVES ON BOARD—HORRORS OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

By the brig Otho, Capt. Rider, from the coast of Africa, we learn that the United States sloop of war Yorktown, Capt. Bell, has captured an American slaver, with *nine hundred slaves on board*. Capt. Rider has furnished us with Monrovia papers to December 10th, and a Circular of the 17th, published at the Methodist Episcopal Mission Office, Monrovia, Liberia, "containing a few facts relative to the recap ure of nine hundred slaves in the barque 'Pons,' of Philadelphia—their horrible condition on board—their liberation at the colony of Liberia—their distribution at said colony," &c. addressed to the friends of Africa and African Missions, and intended as an appeal to the humanity and benevolence of the Christian public. The details expose anew all the horrible atrocities of the infernal traffic, and cannot be read without a shudder.

There is no particular account of the capture other than the imperfect ones given in the letters of the missionaries, after the slave-ship's arrival at Monrovia, in charge of Lieutenant Cogdell. The Pons had been ordered home, and is perhaps the vessel reported by the Atlantic at New-York, as the "Panthea, of Providence," spoken on the 25th of February. This latter, however, may be another prize, as we understand there was, a few months ago, at Rio, a trader called the *Panther*.

Captain Rider expected the Pons would have reached the United States, and that the particulars were already known here. It appears she was taken on the 1st December, three days out from Cabenda, a noted slave factory on the coast, south of the equator, and that she was fourteen days in reaching Monrovia, in which time about one hundred and fifty of the wretched captives died.

Dr. J. W. Lugenbeel, U. S. Agent for Liberated Africans, writes, under date of December 16:

"The 'Pons' was captured by Captain Bell, of the United States Ship Yorktown, in latitude about three degrees south, three days out from Cabenda. At the time she was taken, there were about nine hundred slaves on board. On the first day after her capture, nineteen died; and by the time she arrived at this place, during a passage of fourteen days, the number was reduced to seven hundred and fifty-six; all of whom I have this day succeeded in landing. Several of them are now in a dying condition, but the majority of them are fine looking boys, from about ten to twenty years of age. There are only forty-seven girls in the company.

"It was truly delightful to witness the demonstrations of pleasure which were exhibited by these rescued victims of the abominable traffic, when they again pressed the soil of their native country; and realized for a truth that they were breathing the air of freedom. Their songs of deliverance were borne upon the passing breeze; while they simultaneously clapped their hands for joy. I have already disposed of nearly three hundred of them to responsible persons in the colony, including one hundred, which I placed in the care of the Rev. J. B. Benham, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, to be educated for future usefulness in their native land."

Rev. J. B. Benham, Superintendent of the Liberia mission, who arrived on the 8th December in the Roanoke, from the United States, writing on the 17th, says:—

"Last Sabbath evening intelligence was received at the mission-house, that Captain Bell, of the African Squadron, had captured a barque at the leeward, about two hundred miles out from Congo, having on board nine hundred slaves—that they were then in the harbor, and were to be committed to Dr. J. W. Lugenbeel, United States Agent for Recaptured Africans for apprenticeship in the colony. This, as might be expected, awakened an intense interest, especially among the missionaries: such a circumstance not having occurred before here for years, and was to them altogether new and unexpected.

"This will furnish us with an opportunity of obtaining children for our mission schools, who will, in all probability, be permanently connected with them, until they shall have arrived at adult age. Thus God may bring good out of this *great evil*.

"December 15;—In company with Governor Roberts, Judge Benedict, Dr. Lugenbeel, and Rev. W. B. Hoyt, I proceeded to the captured vessel, where we saw and heard what beggars all description. From Lieutenant Cogdell, having charge of the vessel, we learned that when she was first seen, she raised American colors; under the impression that the vessel in chase was a British cruiser, but discovering her mistake, immediately hoisted the Portuguese flag. On boarding her and demanding of the captain his papers, he replied, 'I have thrown them overboard.' 'What is your cargo?' 'About nine hundred slaves!' On farther examination it was found that she had shipped nine hundred and thirteen, probably between the ages of eight and thirty; embracing forty-seven girls: that about twenty had died, after being at sea but three days. She had narowly escaped a British cruiser, and was bound to Rio Janeiro, South America. Her name is 'Pons, of Philadelphia.' Was that name ever so disgraced before? will it ever be so again!

"The Lieutenant had been fourteen days coming up, and during that time they had lost about 150. One in a fit of desperation had jumped overboard, as many others probably would have done, if they had had the opportunity. Such was the stench, that we remained but a few moments on board. Long enough, however, to see something of the indescribable horrors of the abominable African Slave-Trade! It was supposed that a Thermometer would range at 100 or 120 in the hold. Though I did not go down, I saw that with few exceptions they were in a state of entire *nudity*. Several were in a dying condition, and many others were so emaciated that their skin literally cleaved to their bones. Others again had worn their skin through, producing putrid ulcers, which fed swarms of flies.

"The sailors pointed me to a group of three little boys under the bow of the long boat, on deck. One of them was probably eight years of age, and almost in a dying state, and had been pining away for the last six days. Two others, perhaps ten and twelve years of age, were sitting by him, one on either side; watching him with a great deal of apparent sympathy; and administering to him, as they were able. They had procured a small quantity of oakum, with which they had made his bed, and a small piece of muslin for his pillow. They did not leave him night or day, and the sailors always found one of them awake. Through an interpreter, I commended them for their kindness to the little sufferer, and promised to take them to live with me, and that they should bring with them their sick companion. I gave each of them a slip of paper with my name, directing them to keep them, so that I might know them when they landed.

"The elder boys are brothers, and the younger was from the same tribe.

"During the night the little sick boy died, as did also several others, and was thrown into the sea. When the brothers arrived near the beach they plunged into the water, (as all the captives were required to do,) and washed themselves, but came out with the slips of paper clenched in their hands. One of these, we have named John Wesley, the other David A. Shepard, and have taken them to educate.

"On arriving at the beach, small quantities of biscuit and water were given the sufferers. When it was supposed, the danger of depletion was over, water was poured into a log canoe, into which they plunged like hungry pigs into a trough—the stronger fairing the best. Near where I sat, was a small pool of brackish water, in a state of stagnation; altogether unfit to be drank; but on their discovering it, they plunged into it, swallowing its black contents with great avidity.

"Several of the citizens succeeded with threats and whips finally, in driving them from it. In walking a half a mile along the beach, several of them lay down to die, but were carried along by their suffering companions, or the citizens."

The Rev. W. B. Hoyt, another missionary, who had arrived in the Roanoke, and had just spent his first Sabbath in Liberia, says, on Monday, the 15th:—

"I had read and heard much of Slavery and the horrors attendant upon the Slave-Trade; now an opportunity offered to know from actual observation, whether the statements with which I had been made acquainted, were exaggerated or not. In company with His Excellency Governor Roberts and several others, I this morning went on board the prize. I had been prepared, to some extent, for a scene of horror, by the account of Lieutenant Cogdell, the gentlemanly officer in command; but I found the half had not been told me. Nay, it is utterly impossible for language to convey an appropriate idea of the suffering of that wretched company. The decks were literally crowded with poor abject beings. The living and the dying were huddled together with less care than is bestowed upon the brute creation. Here and there might be seen individuals in the last agonies of expiring nature; unknown, and apparently unnoticed. There was no offer of sympathy to alleviate in the least their misery. Their companions appeared dejected, weighed down with their own sorrows. My heart sickens at the remembrance of that awful scene. As I came on the crowded deck, I saw directly in front of me one emaciated and worn down by long suffering to a mere skeleton, pining away and apparently near eternity. I looked over into the steerage. The hot, mephitic air almost overpowered me. At the foot of the ladder, lay two of the most miserable beings I ever beheld. They were reduced, as the one above named, so that their bones almost protruded from their flesh. Large sores had been worn upon their sides and limbs as they had been compelled to lay upon the hard plank composing the deck of the vessel. They lay directly under the hatchway, whither they had crawled, apparently to obtain a little purer air. One I thought dead, until by some slight motion of the limbs I discovered his agonies were not yet ended. The other lay with his face toward me, and such an expression of unmitigated anguish, I never before saw. I cannot banish the horrid picture. These were not isolated cases, but as they were those that were first noticed, they made perhaps a stronger impression on my mind. In another part of the vessel lay a little boy pining away, with two others watching over him. They were not brothers, but had been captured from the same place. They had procured a bit of muslin that had probably been thrown away by some of the crew, and had placed it under his aching head for a pillow. Could you have seen them, I am sure the fountain of feeling would have been broken up, and the tears would have forced themselves from their hiding place. For the fourteen days that the vessel had been under the charge of the present commander, they had been assiduous in their care: one or the other of them attending on him constantly, and keeping watch alternately at night for this purpose. Oh! if I could portray the scene as I saw it, could I present it to your imagination, without any coloring, as it was actually presented to my view, your blood would chill in your veins. Five had been thrown over dead, this morning, and many more were apparently just expiring. And yet they tell me, this is comparatively nothing; and I should judge so, if the statement of the captured captain can be relied on. He says that they left some four or five hundred more at the factory, that he had intended to have taken with him on the same vessel, but was prevented by the proximity of an English cruiser."

Mrs. Benham writes that a large proportion of the re-captives were young persons, of both sexes, between the ages of eight and eighteen. Among the number were forty-seven girls. They speak an entirely different language, Mr. B. says, from the tribes in the region of Liberia, and are at the distance of many hundred miles from the place of their nativity.

Rev. Mr. Burns, who edited the Circular, says:

"We were at the beach at the time of the re-captives landing from the hold of the slave-ship. The poor creatures, many of whom must, to all appearance, soon be added to the number of the dead, were most truly objects of commiseration. As they neared the shore, and were permitted to leap into the surf that rolled upon the beach, they plunged from the sides of the boat into the cool grateful water, in such a manner as clearly enough to show that it afforded a pleasure not to be described after so horrible a captivity. They were emaciated, scarred, and many of them covered with sores or scabs."

The Circular contains powerful appeals to the Christian public for help. It concludes in these words:—

"Professed lovers of Africa and the Liberia Mission! Have you inquired for motive, for moving incident to inspire you with, and prompt you to benevolence towards Africa? Your inquiries ought now to be considered at an end. Have you asked for proper subjects of your benevolence? You need ask no more. God, in his providence, has thrown upon their own shores, but within the reach of your liberality, upwards of seven hundred poor, emaciated, destitute human beings. They look up imploringly to the Christian world for an avengement of their wrongs. But the weapons of your warfare should not be carnal; you are not to render evil for evil. The *condition*—the physical, mental, and spiritual condition of the sufferers, asks you for the means with which they may be clothed and fed—it asks you for schools—for teachers—and for the BIBLE. What say you? Will you through the above letters, come and look on their wants, and then pass on, leaving them to the charity and benevolence of others? The resolution of this question rests with you, but the final account with God. Act with decision and promptness, holding that account in view."

Upon the arrival of the slaver, a special meeting was immediately called to see what could be done by the Mission. The Superintendent was recommended to take one hundred of the captives under the patronage of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church,—a subscription of one hundred and thirty-five dollars was raised on the spot, which would probably be increased to five hundred at the anniversary conference, to assist in defraying the increased expenses of such action, and it was resolved to lay the whole subject before the Board and the Christian public, by the earliest opportunity. One hundred children, including nineteen girls, were accordingly taken under the care of the Mission, for the several schools. "Many of them," Mrs. Benham writes, "are now in the mission-house and yard. It is truly affecting to see the poor, emaciated creatures, looking up beseechingly for help. And it is gratifying to us to have it in our power to administer to their necessities and mitigate their sufferings. We have literally clothed and fed them. Never could there have been anything more timely than the boxes of clothing, sent out by us from our beloved Oneida Conference, and elsewhere. We indeed feel it to be a providential supply. May the Lord reward the donors 'an hundred fold.'"

Mr. Benham says the amount required to support and educate a native scholar is $30 annually—$2,000 will be required for these adopted captives for one year, and most of them are of such an age that they will need instruction from five to seven years. He adds:—

"To enable our brethren and sisters, who may have charge of these recaptured African children, to support and educate them on $30 a-year, it will be necessary to have some farming utensils, such as axes, hoes, bush-hooks, &c. Also cooking utensils, such as pots, kettles, frying-pans, and a variety of tin ware.

"Cannot some of our brethren furnish us some of these articles?

"Whatever is forwarded to our much-esteemed Treasurer, Rev. George Lane, will be transmitted duly and faithfully.

"I will here add, I have been introduced to the officers of a British brig since our arrival, who informed us that since April last, the British Squadron on this coast have captured one hundred and one vessels, concerned in the Slave-Trade."

Upon this the editor remarks:—

"The Portuguese captain, now in our town, told one of our citizens, that 'If the Americans set about capturing slave vessels, it would be dangerous coming to the coast for slaves'—arguing, it is to be supposed, that the American ensign could, in that event, afford but a precarious protection to Spanish and Portuguese bottoms engaged in the trade."

The Captain and crew of the slaver, it was understood, being all Portuguese or Spaniards, were set at large. Why they should not have been treated as pirates we are unable to see. They voluntarily assumed the American flag to cover their diabolical deeds, and deserved the punishment which our laws decree against our own citizens pursuing such a fiendish employment. When, where, or how they were liberated, we are not informed; we shall, therefore, not condemn our officers prematurely, but await the arrival of the prize and the official account, for an authentic statement of the whole transaction.

From the Green Mountain Freeman.

LETTER FROM ALANSON WORK—RELEASE OF BURR.

QUINCY, Illinois, February 20th, 1846.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—From the interest you have taken in the welfare of myself and family I have thought you would be glad to hear from us. You may have heard of our return to the West. After leaving Vermont we went to Connecticut, New-York, and New Jersey. We left Poughkeepsie on our return, September 15th, came back, as we went on, by land with the same team—had a prosperous journey home, where we arrived November 7th, having been absent seven months and five days. We called on Liberty men where we could find them, and collected in all for the release of my brethren, Thompson and Burr, $250. You will probably have heard before this reaches you the result of the effort for them.

The agent employed labored some in Missouri last summer. He went over again after our return, and was gone two months. A State Convention being in session at Jefferson city, he labored mostly there, and obtained the signatures of two-thirds of the members of said convention, to a petition for the release of both the brethren. But there was considerable opposition, and he had expended all his funds and was obliged to come home with but one, brother *Burr*, which he did last week. The Missourians had heard of my return, and those that used their influence for my release were offended. They said I agreed to go away, and now the people are blaming them. You are already acquainted with the promises I made the Missourians, and know the unreasonableness of their demands. But for Br. Thompson, who is still in their power, I would not move a step for their growling. Yet it will not do to tell them so at present, for fear they will bite Br. T. the harder. The time may come when the whole truth can be told them, and the world. May the Lord hasten the time.

There are so many of our friends here who think our staying here will rivet the chains of Br. Thompson, that I have made up my mind to leave as soon as possible, although it will be at a great sacrifice, (that is for me; I cannot sell what little I have for a reasonable price.) And then the expense of moving so far will not be a little. We cannot go as we did last summer on the underground rail-road, my wife's health will not allow of travelling by land. So we expect to take the Ohio river route to Pittsburgh, and so on to the land of our exile. We may be able to start by the 15th of March. Whether we shall take up our abode in Connecticut, or New-York, or Vermont, we have not decided. But wherever we are we shall remember you, and yours, with gratitude. When we come on we shall stay for a time at Poughkeepsie, New-York, with my wife's friends, until I can look about.

Communications.

Letter from Canada.

AMHERSTBURGH, Feb. 28, 1846.

To the Editors of the Standard:

In reading the proceedings of the Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, I observe that Resolution 3d notices the oppressed condition of the colored people in regard to education. I am most happy to see my friends begin to come out against this wide-spread, unjust, and shameful evil.

Our difficulties here in Canada are of the same nature. The great heart of Britain, which I expected to find on this soil, is not here; but on the contrary, I am sorry and distressed to say that a most bitter and oppressive state of feeling reigns here, predominant, too, above all law, in many parts of the province. In most of the States it is otherwise, the laws being equally oppressive as the people. Here laws are just, but Slavery fills the breast of nearly every individual. Of course we have no nominal Slavery, but of practical oppression, this section of the province is full, or in other words a hypocritical freedom only exists here, (we mean for the fugitive.) Not that any one wishes to molest him if he will keep his distance, go and remain to himself when he eats, where schools and elections are concerned, and at all other times, unless when work is to be done, taxes paid, Government supported, and the white people to be waited upon. But this is not the case, generally, through the country; at least, schools are this year opened and made free for the colored, as well as white, over a much greater portion than formerly. At St. Catharines, and its vicinity, last fall, I found the people discouraged, having tried, and tried long without success, and on inquiring the reason of some of the white people, they said, "so many Yankees had come in from the States, with so bitter a prejudice, that their influence ruled the place." This sore grievance I have often desired to state to my friends, that their influence might be brought to bear on this wickedness, but have felt to draw back lest the same abominations existed among them, and I almost fear in them.

ISAAC J. RICE, Missionary.

The Non-voting Theory.

MR. GAY:—Your reply does not satisfy me. Therefore allow me to trouble you again.

Your principle of action, with respect to the Government, does not sufficiently recognize the fact, that truth advances in the world by a *continual growth*. Now, as *forms* can grow better, no faster than the truth advances, it seems very plain, that we should recognize this in our conduct. To do so is not mere expediency, in the ordinary bad sense of this word. On your principle, consistency requires us to come out and protest against any Government which is not absolutely perfect. Are not your conceptions of the matter a little troubled by the influence of a sophism? You talk of a "new Government." Would it not be more according to the manner of truth in the world, to talk of an *ever-improving Government*? I presume you will not contend that a Government is a mere "social contract," to be annulled and renewed at pleasure. Therefore, instead of being led, by every new sense of truth, to tear down the old Government, in order to create a new one, we should rather be led to remove the imperfections, and mend the bad places, as fast as we can. Our position, with respect to a Government, is not like that of our fathers immediately after the Revolution. Yet, even then, there was no choice between the best obtainable Government and none, for necessity was laid upon them, by a law above themselves, and they were compelled to have a Government of some sort.

You do not recognize the difference between the voting of a Conservative, and the voting of a true-hearted Liberal. True, you repeat your oft-stated position, with respect to an oath to the Constitution. But this position is really an exalting of the *letter* above the *spirit*. The visible spirit of a thing, and not its letter merely, must be its interpreter. Who expects that a Conservative and a Liberal will sustain a Government after the same fashion? It is well understood what each means and what each will do. You seem to speak of "remaining contented with, and acting under" the Government, or of withdrawal from it, as if there were no other course but these two. Do you not see that we can act under a Government, while we are not contented with its imperfections, and while we are doing all we can to have the Constitution amended? Do not forget here, that the question between us is, not whether you or I ought to vote, not whether a non-voter may not, under certain circumstances, exercise a better influence than a voter, but simply whether it is wrong to vote and act under an imperfect Constitution.

If it is wrong to act under an imperfect Government, then, every man should, at once, cease to act under it. The present Government must not even be sustained until another can be created. It must be dissolved at once, and there must be anarchy, until a perfect Government can be produced. If you say, "this cannot happen, for the people will always have a Government of some sort;" then you acknowledge, that all changes onward, to better and best, must be by *constant growth*, and thus admit, that your notion of dissolving the old Government and creating a new one, is contrary to the manner of truth in human affairs. If you say the old Government must continue until the new one is ready, then you give up your principle;—and yet what else can you say?

Besides, is not your "withdrawal" from the Government more a matter of profession than of reality? You are aware, that we cannot have a better Government until the people are better. You see that truth works in the land, giving promise of better things to come. Yet it is plain, that the better form you desire, will not come this month or this year. Meanwhile, you do not expatriate yourself. This is your country. You live, yes, and act, too, under the Government. You claim and receive its protection. Without it you could not even circulate the Standard. You feel safe from anarchy, because "the people will have a Government," and thus you shrink from the thought of not having this imperfect Government continue, until the better things come. So it appears to me.

If you advocated non-voting merely as a means of exercising greater influence for good, this would be very different from the position, that voting under the Constitution is sinful. Have I misapprehended your language? Do I fail to understand you entirely? Perhaps so. And, I fear, I have not succeeded in giving my own thoughts a full and clear expression. I wish to understand your views, and place myself in a just relation to them.

JOHN D. BALDWIN.

KILLINGLY, Ct. March 9, 1846.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1846.

LETTERS TO THE SOUTH.

No. II.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have seen, in your city, men with chains upon their limbs, and women with iron collars about their necks, working for the public good under the authority of law. Some of these people were thus punished for what, among you, is considered a crime, but which, everywhere else, is held to be a most noble virtue—the love of liberty. Or, rather, some of them were punished for this, and because they had given proof of this innate nobleness of soul, in attempts, at every hazard, to recover their birthright; and others were subjected to this degradation not because they had offended against your cruel laws, but because, from the color of their skins, it was suspected they *might* have offended. They were held to be guilty—guilty of asserting their manhood—till they could prove themselves innocent; not held to be innocent till others could prove them guilty.

I remember meeting accidentally with a gentleman—a slaveholder—who had found in this chain-gang a colored man well known to him. He was a respectable mechanic, and, so far as he was permitted to be, a valuable citizen. His home was in another State, and around it clustered, doubtless, all those associations which make the very word thrill to the heart of every human creature. But his vocation had called him to your city, and because his skin was dark, he was thrown into prison on suspicion of being a fugitive slave, and condemned to drag, for many weary months, that heavy chain to his hated daily tasks. The man I met was searching for another, who, it was said, had left the city, but by whose evidence alone could the poor prisoner be released. His time was then nearly up, and probably he was sold for his jail fees. "He was a stranger," and you took him in, not as you are enjoined to do.

In passing, one day, through one of your most public streets, I heard, at a little distance, loud and most painful cries. I hastened to learn the cause, and saw upon the side-walk, a young and well-dressed man, beating a *woman*—probably about the age of his own mother—over the head and face with the heavy end of his riding-whip. His cruel blows, his angry and abusive language, and the shrieks of his wretched victim, hardly attracted the attention of the passers-by. Many years since, in a New England village, a farmer, on the highway, beat his oxen unmercifully, and was reprimanded on the spot by one of his neighbors for his cruelty. The story is even yet told there as a village-tale. Mark the difference.

"Jem," said I one day, to the little boy of ten years old, perhaps, who stood behind my chair, at the hotel, "Jem, where did you come from?"

"From old Verginny, massa."

"How came you here, then, so far away?"

"The speculator brought me, massa."

"Well, tell me all about it."

And he told me how he once lived in a pleasant home—to him—in old Virginia,—and how he played with his young brothers and sisters around his mother's hut, and was happy. But one day his master called the child, and told him he should go to town that day; and the boy was overjoyed at such unwonted kindness, and made himself as smart as a slave-child could for his visit to the new sights and scenes of the city. But when he got there he was taken to the "speculator," and delivered into his hands to whom he had been sold for a price.—And, as the little fellow reached this point in his brief, but sad story, he hung his head, and the tears welled up fast into his large, soft eyes, as he said,—"and I shall never see mother more."

In passing to and from my meals, in one of your large hotels, I saw standing, day after day, in the hall, a gang of negroes for sale; and among them a young and beautiful girl, hardly differing in complexion from myself. For days she stood there before a purchaser was found; for her charms, doubtless, were held at a high price. I lingered often upon the stairs to watch this group, and sad as it was to see it there, it was sadder still to see it diminish daily. Who could tell how many links of cherished love and friendship were severed, never to be again united, by those daily partings? I thought I could sometimes read the tale of sorrow in the looks of those who were left behind. But the saddest of all was to mark the tell-tale blood of that young girl mounting to her cheeks, as she answered the many questions put to her by those who would be her purchasers,—as she listened to the ribald jests and insulting language of the young scoundrels who gloated over beauty which was too high-priced a luxury for their enjoyment. She, too, disappeared at last, and you know what was her probable fate.

A casual visiter in a Southern city, and not then an Abolitionist, not seeking for facts which would condemn your "peculiar institution," on the very surface of things instances of the inevitable wrong, and cruelty, and degradation of the slave-system, such as I give you here a few examples, were continually before my eyes. And such things as these, and things a thousand-fold more cruel, such as the annals of horrors in all time may be challenged to equal in atrocity, we know must be. They are not the accidents, but the legitimate and necessary results of the slave-system. "A slave," says the fundamental law of your State, "is one who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labor: he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything but what must belong to his master." Here is not only the law, but the philosophy of the system. A slave is one who is delivered into the irresp nsible power of another, to be the instrument of his cupidity, the object of his passions, the victim of his lust. He is a "*chattel personal*," and in so far forth as he ceases to be a man, he is valuable as a slave. He needs will only to obey, and intelligence only to perform with fidelity his allotted tasks. The fidelity of the dog, the patience of the ox, and the blind obedience of both, are his most valuable attributes. When he rises in intelligence above the brute, or obeys the instincts of his higher nature, his value as a slave diminishes, and it is in part the constant struggle between the imbruting tendencies of his condition, and his rebellious manhood, which will not permit him to be a brute, while he is not suffered to be a man, that renders his condition so hard an one. It cannot be otherwise, nor is the evil effect confined alone to the slave. "The whole commerce between master and slave," says Thomas Jefferson, "is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions—the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. * * * The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to his worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities."

But I must not forget that I am writing to one who was born upon a plantation. All your life you have been surrounded by slaves, and you cannot shut your eyes, if you would, to the fact that their degradation is the result of their condition. You see in them every variety of character, every degree of moral worth, and intellect, showing among themselves the same gradations, the same differences in every respect, that the whites exhibit in their race. The most degraded, the most unintelligent, and the most immoral among them, find their counterpart among the whites, while those qualities on which we most pride ourselves, when a favorable opportunity has been given for their development, have been found to distinguish them equally with ourselves. You have heard, doubtless, of the case of Horatio King, the slave who was recently emancipated by the legislative act of the State of Alabama. Think you, were not the curse of color upon him, that he would fail to become one of the most distinguished men of that State? I could point you to many instances among us at the North, of men whom the same disability alone prevents from taking a high rank in Church, in State, and in the walks of science. Doubtless you see, too, many extenuating circumstances in the system by which you are surrounded, many cases of reciprocal kindness and love; nevertheless if your mind is at all unprejudiced you cannot fail to see that the system is one of wrong and outrage, that it tramples upon the noblest attributes of humanity, that the holiest affections of the human heart, and which it is impossible to destroy, are ruthlessly disregarded, that it denies to man every right the power to possess which distinguishes him from the brute creation, that from the cradle to the grave, the slave is made the mere sport of tyranny, so that were we certain of its continuance, our only and earnest prayer would be for the annihilation of the negro race. This is the general character of the system. Disguise it as you will, heap together all the mitigating circumstances that can be found in all your Southern country, still the damning fact remains, and cannot be gainsaid, that Slavery is a curse to

who is to protect it? To conquer, or to be subdued, is the inevitable destiny of a community thus situated; and the responsibility of either emergency must rest upon those who contributed to it, whether by their co-operation or by their supineness. The principle on which this is to be decided is the principle involved in our dispute about Oregon—the authority of a legitimate Government is assumed by both parties, to the exclusion of every claim on the part of individuals or of any society unprovided with such testimony. The size of the settlement or the rank of the settlers cannot affect the argument. With the importance of both will be a degree of interest now wanting to the discussion, and obstacles to a decision not yet to be encountered. It is in this case as in most others of the same kind. Abstract truths are not thought of till it is too late for their beneficial application. I have never seen any reference to what is here suggested in any of your abolition papers. Is it right that the blacks should be kept in ignorance? Will they not have good reason to complain if they are allowed to rush blindfolded into destruction?

As it is not likely that the "Lectures on Colonization and Colonies, delivered before the University of Oxford, in 1839, 1840, and 1841," by the Professor of political economy, H. Merivale, will be republished in the United States, I have much pleasure in extracting a few passages, among many which might be cited as evidence of the progress made in this country on the subject of what is due to the uncivilized races. "I firmly believe it to be the very key-stone, the leading principle, of all sound theory on the subject—that native races must, in every instance, either perish, or be amalgamated with the general population of their country. By amalgamation I mean the union of natives with settlers in the same community, as master and servant, as fellow-laborers, as fellow-citizens, and, if possible, as connected by intermarriage, &c. &c. Amalgamation, by some means or other, is the only possible euthanasia of savage community. And one negative lesson even the most cautious may draw from this plain truth namely, that all endeavors to civilize the savage, in which this end is not kept in view, is (are) useless, or worse than useless, and must end in disappointment, as they have hitherto ended, &c. The experiment of amalgamation, or even of taking means tending to it, as their ultimate result, cannot be said to have been hitherto tried by any Government."

When will such doctrines be "delivered" before the students of *your* University? How long will those who deny the Trinity of God deny the Unity of man? The better policy now adopted by the English Government towards the aboriginal tribes of its dependencies may fairly be traced to the discussions which have sprung from the high principles maintained by the American Abolitionists—principles, opposed to their earliest affections and prepossessions—principles which their predecessors were to narrow-minded to appreciate, too timid to acknowledge, or too time-serving to avow.

"It appears to be a singular law of nature," says this ingenious writer, in another place, "that there is less precocity in the European race than almost any other. In those races in which we seem to have reason for believing that the intellectual organization is lower, perception is quicker, and maturity earlier. And it is easy to perceive the very great benefits which would result from the association of Europeans and natives in early life." "It is not enough to protect the native from wrong; there must also be religious instruction, to give a stimulus to his indolent faculties: it is not enough to effect his conversion; there must be the education of knowledge and industry, and admission into the pale of civilized life. Until the whole experiment has been tried, the language of despair is unreasonable and unjust. For myself, notwithstanding all the discouraging appearances which the present aspect of affairs may exhibit, I am inclined to think hopefully of the great cause of aboriginal civilization," &c.

James G. Birney on Liberty Party.

Mr. Birney has written a letter to the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society, which is published in the Signal of Liberty. We look in it in vain for an answer to the question so often asked and never answered,—how does the Liberty party propose to abolish Slavery? We learn from it, instead, Mr. Birney's idea of the mission of his party, and we may fairly conclude that the abolition of Slavery is to become, if his views are adopted, a matter of secondary importance. The reforms he proposes are unquestionably of great value, but we may safely leave them to be settled till after the abolition of Slavery, or till we have a Government which is not a despotism, if it be true, as Mr. Birney says, "there is no telling to what degree of civilization the free States, with their opportunities, might not have reached, had it not been for their political connection with the South, and their support of Slavery."

The following are the new objects which Mr. Birney proposes for the consideration of the Liberty party:—"To diminish the powers, the patronage, and of course the salary of the President of the United States: To reduce, and ultimately abolish the army: To gradually reduce the navy till it was totally abolished: To do away entirely with a tariff;" and "to reduce the daily allowance paid to members of Congress, at least one-half." He wishes, in short, to make the Liberty party a permanent party, and, abandoning the ground which they have heretofore maintained, he declares: "If we seek not to re-establish the *whole* Constitution, wherever party aims—and they alone—have perverted it; if we fail to build on our good and maintainable substratum—*the legal and constitutional equality of all men*—other interests, in which the people feel deep concern; if we are not in fact a *reform party*, we shall accomplish comparatively but little; and, I apprehend, there is not much use for us here or at this time."

Whether he will be sustained by the party at large remains to be seen. Probably he will not be, though some of the leading men are with him. The movement will unquestionably divide the party, and is only the prelude of the absorption of a large portion of it into the Democratic party.

There is now (says the Mirror) living at one of the most fashionable hotels in this city, a young man in the capacity of waiter, who is quite an accomplished scholar, a most devoted student of Shakspeare, and who speaks familiarly the English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian languages. There are at the same hotel "shallow-pated dandies," living by their wits, (who contrive to make a little capital go a great way,) and ordering about with the air of an emperor, the "gentleman and scholar," (whom they address as "waiter,") standing behind their chairs.

We have seen this bit of a city item going the rounds of all the papers the past month, and have been a good deal amused at the remarks which it has elicited. We do not know the gentleman alluded to, but we have no doubt that he is a very good waiter, which is more than could be said of many gentlemen whom we do know, who are quite as good linguists. For our own part we should decidedly prefer being waited upon at table by a scholar of refined taste and extensive reading, than by an ignoramus, whose acquirements would hardly qualify him for a hod-carrier. An apt quotation from Shakspeare, or a passage from Horace, would give zest to a dish handed to you by a gentleman with a napkin on his arm. The Queen of England has a great number of lords and ladies in her household, whose duties are, no doubt, quite as well performed as they would be by the unsophisticated sons and daughters of Ireland, whose lives had been chiefly spent in mud hovels. We see no reason why an American sovereign should not be as well waited upon as a British one. As to the scholar himself, we applaud his good sense and discrimination, in seeking a position in society where he can do the greatest amount of good, and we have no doubt that the influence of a well-bred and well-educated person in the dining-room of one of the fashionable hotels of the city will be extremely beneficial to the kind of society generally found in such places, and we hope that other scholars who now consider themselves too good to be good for anything, will follow the example of this worthy linguist, and seek employment in a sphere where they can earn an honest living at the same time that they let their light shine before the world. It is a melancholy reflection, that many an admirable waiter is lost in a professor's chair; while many a professor is unhappily handling plates and napkins in fashionable hotels.

But tastes differ; our friends south of the dividing line of the quasi Union, have so little taste for an intelligent servant, that they forbid their waiters, by law, to learn even reading and writing; either thinking, with Dogberry, that those accomplishments come by nature, or that they are wholly unnecessary. If any of Mr. Wise's constituents should happen to stop at the fashionable hotel where the learned waiter is hired, they would feel themselves in the presence of a very strange fish if he should favor them with a scrap of tolerable English, to say nothing of Latin and Greek. We have often heard a distinguished citizen of South Carolina declare that there were no classical scholars at the North, because, having to earn their own livings, they had no leisure to cultivate letters. But here we have an accomplished linguist, acting as a waiter at one of our fashionable hotels; and we have some acquaintance with a reporter of one of our morning papers, a gentleman who writes good understandable English, and is a respectable Latin and French scholar besides, who, a few years since, was a waiter at the Astor House. It is not long since that we met this latter worthy at a literary dinner in the ladies' Ordinary of this fashionable hotel, where he had the satisfaction, if it were any to him, to see his former Boss, Stetson, carving for him. But we did not discover that either master or man felt himself either humbled or exalted. Every waiter is not a flunkey, nor every Boss a gentleman, and we cannot but think that, were there no slaves by law, there would be none by courtesy, excepting those whom nature designated.

The Slaver Pons.

In another column we copy from the Salem Register an account of the capture of this slave-ship, and the efforts made by the colony at Monrovia for the relief of the wretched captives. Horrible as this account is we have no tears to shed over it when we remember that the aggregate of mere physical suffering in the slave States of our own country is hardly less than that arising from the Foreign Slave-Trade, and the mental anguish here in the separation of families, and the endurance of bondage, is infinitely worse than upon the coast of Africa. And it needs not that anti-slavery papers should make any effort to arouse public sympathy. The press universally copies this account, even those who are loudest in their condemnation of us for going so far from home as the District of Columbia to seek objects of commiseration.

Among the appeals of the Monrovians is a letter from Mrs. Susan R. Benham, one of the missionaries who recently left this country for that station. She has entered upon her duties with a zeal for the salvation of souls which is not to be checked by trifles. There has, it seems, been great difficulty in procuring native girls for their mission schools at Monrovia, from the unwillingness, Mrs. Benham says, of the men to have their females educated, lest they should not be willing to submit to the drudgery imposed upon them. This difficulty, however, is for the time, at least, removed by the capture of the Pons. "We feel grateful to God," says the pious Mrs. Benham, "that it is the privilege of the superintendent now to place a goodly number of these unfortunate girls in our mission school, at Millsburg, under the superintendence of sister Wilkins"! This reminds me of the story of the man in Boston who was run over by a troop of horse, but rose from the ground, after they had passed over him, uninjured. "Down upon your knees," said a bystander, "down, and thank God!" "Thank God, for what?" replied the man, "for letting a troop of horse run over me?" So the advantages, even, of "sister Wilkins's" school, it strikes me, is rather dearly purchased when the price is loss of home and country, and the horrors of a passage in a slave-ship.

The Suffrage Question.

No party, as yet, has taken a position, as a party, on this question. The Whigs, as a general thing, are favorably disposed, though they are not to be trusted, as a whole, so long as such pro-slavery presses as the Express and Courier & Enquirer wield any influence. The Tribune, the leading Whig journal of the State, in announcing the "reforms to be struggled for," in the Convention, places the two following first:

Equal and universal suffrage and other political rights to all citizens, and no exclusion on account of birth, property, creed, or color.

The abolition of every remaining vestige of feudalism and Slavery, and the adoption of constitutional provisions, which, so far as may be, shall practically guarantee to every one life, liberty, and the right to pursue his own happiness, by any means not inconsistent with the highest good of all.

The Argus, the leading paper among the Democrats, on the contrary, in enumerating the objects to be attained by its party, omits all mention of the suffrage question. When these two creeds shall be recognized by the parties at large, the colored people will know certainly which party means to befriend them.

We cut from an exchange paper the following resolution of a Democratic Nominating Convention at Cortland:

Resolved, That all property qualification for the exercise of the elective franchise, or to hold offices in this State, should be abolished—and that all male citizens of full age, should, in this respect, stand on equal ground.

Good News from New Hampshire.

The Independent Democrats, with the little assistance which the Liberty party could give them, and the Whigs, have routed the old pro-slavery Democratic party, which, with such men as Atherton, and Woodbury, and Hill, at its head, have so long been the obedient vassals of the South. Those of our readers who care to know the particulars, farther than that there is a Whig majority in the Legislature, which will have to make choice,—as there is none by the people,—of the Governor, will look for them elsewhere. For ourselves we deem the result important, not because this or that one of the old parties is dominant, but because we see in this election a triumph of principle over party, and the strongest revulsion of Northern feeling yet exhibited against the Texas iniquity. New Hampshire has heretofore been the mere galley-slave of the slave-power, and we have the more reason to rejoice over her as over "a sinner that repenteth." JOHN P. HALE, who stood alone in Congress among his partisans, and was almost without a companion among the prominent men of his State in the noble position he assumed, and was at first backed by no party, has rallied one around him, and will very probably soon walk into the Senate of the United States, the free representative of a free State. A more gratifying proof of the progress of Anti-Slavery sentiment has hardly been afforded us, and we may look forward with confidence to a not far-distant day, when New Hampshire will be aroused to the necessity of dissolving a Union the weight of which has lain, and still lies, more heavily upon her than upon any other of the Northern States.

Reply to John D. Baldwin.

I hardly know how I can state our position more clearly than it has been already done, for it seems to me so plain that he who runs may read. But I will try once more to satisfy our friend, by replies to his positions, as far as I can understand them.

I would come out of, and protest against any Government, allegiance to which requires of me to do any act which I esteem absolutely wicked. I have no right, as an honest man, to give voluntary support to such a Government.

Mr. Baldwin thinks our position, in regard to the oath, is "an exalting of the *letter* above the *spirit*." Maybe so. Nevertheless, I am not persuaded yet that I have any right to swear to do a thing which I esteem wicked, whether I mean to keep the oath or not. What would Mr. Baldwin say to the man who, with his hand in our friend's pocket, should say: "My dear fellow, you do not recognize the difference between the pocket-picking of one of your vulgar rascals, and the pocket-picking of a man of generous sentiments. The visible *spirit* of cutting a purse, and not its *letter* merely, must be the interpreter of the act. Sir! I pick your pocket from the noblest of motives, and you should rather seek to know what they are, and to admire the graceful, and artistic manner in which I do it, rather than hand me over to the clutches of that vile and unsympathizing constable! Are you so lost to all sense of spiritual things, as to think there is no difference between a common pad and myself, in the fashion in which we sustain our institution?"

Our friend need not concern himself about the anarchy which is likely to ensue upon the carrying out of our principles. The moment the people are dissatisfied with the old pro-slavery Government, they will have a new one, and the sooner that moment comes the better. Such a people are not likely to submit to anarchy, but would do as the people of Massachusetts did before the breaking out of the Revolution,—be a law to themselves, by association in their various towns and neighborhoods.

We know very well that we cannot have a better Government till the people are better; but we, as a part of the people, are ready for the better Government, and, therefore, call on all the people to come up to create it. Will Mr. Baldwin tell us how his "continual growth" will ever progress at all, unless it *begins*? Does "constant growth" mean a jump from the seed to the ripe fruit? Our movement *is* the growth.

Base Forgery.

The Albany Argus, of Monday, contains a letter from Utica, giving an account of a shocking murder of three persons in Auburn. The paragraph is headed "Dreadful Murder," and the writer states that the deed was committed "by *some one in the disguise of* a negro."—Slamm, in his villainous Globe, of Monday, republishes this account, as from the Albany Argus, but substitutes, for the caption of that paper, as follows:—"THREE PERSONS MURDERED BY A NEGRO:" and omits the words, "*some one in the disguise of*," so that it appears that the crime was committed "*by a negro*." This is a meaner bit of wickedness than we thought even the Globe was capable of. Its purpose is evident, and the proof is abundant in our pro-slavery column of to-day. The determination is, to leave no stone unturned to defeat the project of restoring the right of suffrage to the colored people, by arraying the prejudices of the community against them. To accomplish this purpose, this remarkable specimen of the unterrified and progressive Democracy will not stick at any act of knavery.

The Baltimore correspondent of the Tribune, writes:

"There is in our own midst an evidence of the advantage which truth and the right have of error and wrong, as given in the case of the 'Saturday Visiter'—for the Legislature of this State has adjourned without farther touching its case. The movement against the freedom of the press in this instance most signally failed, as it ever should, and as it assuredly will in the case of the Congressional outrage upon 'The Tribune.' By-the-by, this movement of our pro-slavery legislators has stirred the popular feeling quite effectually. Not only has it extended the field of the 'Visiter,' by causing daily additions to its list of subscribers, as you will learn from the statements of its editor, but it has awakened an unusual spirit of inquiry among the people at large. Slavery is now a common topic of conversation. It has even been brought up for discussion before one of the most spirited of our Lyceums. The question, 'Is Slavery, as it exists in the United States, morally justifiable?' has been under discussion before the Murray Institute, for two weeks, and will come up again next week. It is curious as well as encouraging to note how great a degree of freedom of utterance is used by the speakers, and how little excitement results from the discussion. The great difficulty seems to be, to get the right sort of defenders of the 'patriarchal institution' into the debate. As I noted several Northern men on the affirmative, I think it probable that they are merely speaking for effect—from a desire for 'agitation.' However, there are some warm and able disputants on that side of the question. The disputants, so far as I have been able to learn their names, are as follows: On the *affirmative*, Messrs. Cockran, Wolfe, McBrierty, Hawkins, and Harrington; on the *negative*, Messrs. Snodgrass, White, and Beale, the latter being familiarly known by the *soubriquet* of 'Yankee Schoolmaster;' and a queer fish he is, too. His speeches always produce merriment, and hence are well suited to keep down the fire of the more ardent of his colleagues. But the speaker who attracts most attention is Dr. Snodgrass, whose peculiar position, at this time, gives special interest to his opinions. This was clearly evident last evening, for although there was nothing remarkable in his efforts on the occasion under notice—they being by no means equal to his written ones, (indeed, I have heard him make much more creditable speeches before now,)—still his remarks secure a marked consideration. But, the fact is, there is an earnestness of purpose about the Doctor, which cannot fail to command respect even from his enemies.

☞ THE BOSTON DAILY SUN publishes as editorial a short article of ours on "A New Slave-Trade." Our friend Kent, we are sure, does not fear to see the name of an anti-slavery paper in his own, but not so it seems with all in the editorial department of the "Sun."

☞ In the Liberator, of last week, is an interesting paper from an Hâitian gentleman, addressed to the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We do not copy it as I presume our readers have already seen it.

THE MANCHESTER ADDRESS.—On the first page we publish the address of the people of Manchester to the people of this city. It ought to be responded to by a large public meeting, and we hope to see such a movement advocated by the influential papers of New-York.

REWARD OF MERIT.—The Richmond Whig says:

The New-York Express *has uniformly stood by the South*. It has been our friend in a strange land. The New-York Courier & Enquirer *has also advocated our cause with spirit and ability*. Let Southern men remember those papers.

The time *is* coming when the editors of both these papers will pray that Northern men may forget that the Southerners remember them. "Wait a little longer."

☞ General SAM HOUSTON, and General RUSK, have been chosen to represent the State of Texas in the United States Senate.

☞ The Rev. Dr. BRAZER, a Unitarian clergyman, of Salem, Massachusetts, died a few days since at Charleston, South Carolina.

Recent Publications.

Report of the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane.

We are indebted to Dr. Earle, the physician of this Institution, for a copy of this Report, which we have read with much interest. It seems to be a lamentable fact, that the increase in the number of the patients within a few years, has been very great. Dr. Earle says, "Whether this be in a greater ratio than that of the population of the city, and adjoining country, is a proposition which cannot easily be demonstrated. However that may be, it is an unquestionable fact, that the exciting causes of mental alienation were never, in time of peace, more active, among any people, than at the present day among the inhabitants of the United States; and particularly so in the States which, bordering on the Atlantic, were the earliest peopled by European emigrants."

The premature and forced development of the intellectual faculties in children,—the strife for place and power—intoxicating drinks—the conflicts of opposite parties—the sudden revulsions in our financial and mercantile world—all these exciting causes to insanity, are greater in our country than in any other in the civilized world.

It would be no marvel if our Insane Institutions were over-run with inmates. In an unhealthy state of society, such as ours, how could it be otherwise?

But there is much in this book which gives us great satisfaction. The improvement which has been made in regard to the *moral treatment* of the insane, is most gratifying. The old ideas on this subject, are fast being exploded. There, as well as in Institutions for other classes of *patients*, the law of kindness, instead of the law of force, is to be exercised. Dr. E. says, "In the most enlightened communities, there is still an impression that persons of disordered mind can be governed, only through fear. But few ideas are more erroneous than this. It is not intended that fear shall enter as a principle into the system of management pursued at this institution, and all measures calculated to inspire the patients with awe, are as far as possible avoided."

"The important fact has been learned, that the insane can be as easily and better managed, with a comparatively rare resort to mechanical appliances for the confinement of the limbs, as by a constant or very frequent use of them, while much is gained on the score of humanity."

It is the object of the managers of this asylum to make it a pleasant home for those who are within its walls—and the system which is pursued—the amusements and recreation—lectures—schools—social entertainments, &c. are certainly calculated to render it a much more delightful home than is usually that of those unfortunate class of persons.

The Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture for March, is received from Greeley & McElrath. The "Library" contains the continuation of Thaer's Principles of Agriculture, and the Journal is filled with the usual variety of matter of great value and interest. In this and the February number, is an account of a new discovery in France, of infallible signs of the milking qualities of cows, with the classification, illustrated by plates, of various animals. The discovery must, if all that is said of it be true, be of immense advantage to breeders of cattle. The Library and Journal loses nothing of its value, and should be in the hands of every farmer.

Popular Lectures on Science and Art, by Dionysius Lardner. Greeley & McElrath.

The twelfth number of the series is issued, and concludes the lecture on "How to observe the Heavens:" it contains the whole of those on "Stellar Universe," and the first on the "Steam Engine." Dr. Lardner's well-known reputation as a scientific man renders this work deservedly popular.

Williams's Statistical Companion and Pictorial Almanac, for 1846, with sixteen Portraits. Homan & Ellis, 295 Broadway.

The publishers will pardon us for having neglected to acknowledge earlier the receipt of their excellent Almanac. It is especially valuable for its statistics, which must make it a work of reference for other years beside the present.

The Rights of the Free States Subverted. By a Member of Congress.

Our readers will remember this valuable document, republished in the Standard. A few copies in pamphlet form are now for sale at this office. Those who wish it for preservation—and everybody ought to have it by them—must apply soon, as but a very limited number has been printed.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: The Seasons; Voices from the Crowd. *Miscellany*: Marie; or, Slavery in the United States (continued); A Plea for Vegetable Diet; The Indian's Pilgrimage; Intelligence at the South; Potato Jelly; Letter to Ministers, &c.; The Last New Polk-er.

FIRST PAGE.—*The Peculiar Institution*: The Carter Family; Negroes for Sale; Turpentine and Negroes on the Rise; Slavery at Nashville. *Pro-Slavery*: Sound and True; Constitutional Reform—Negro Suffrage—its Tendencies and Consequences; The Notorious John P. Hale; Negro Suffrage; Items from Slamm's Globe.—*Selections*: The Sedition Law; Address, &c.; Correction; Fourteenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

SECOND PAGE.—Capture of a Slaver, with Nine Hundred Slaves on Board—Horrors of the Slave-Trade. *Communications*: Letter from Canada; The Non-voting Theory.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Later from England.

By the arrival of the ship Liverpool at this port, and the Sunbeam at Boston, we have dates to the 9th and 10th from Liverpool. The news is still pacific, but not otherwise of much importance.

From the Union.

Late from Mexico.

A large number of Mexican papers have been received, down to the 12th of February, of which we have been able as yet to procure a complete analysis. The most important portions of those examined relate to the proposition for the establishment of a constitutional monarchy in that country, for which a party has been formed, openly supported by a new paper called *El Tiempo*. The number of that paper for the 4th of February contains the development of the views of this party. The writer recapitulates the political history of Mexico since its liberation from the authority of Spain, and presents a melancholy picture of its present state, ruined and distracted within, and pressed from without by the United States, which is daily engaged in the work of *annexing* away its territory.

Texas is gone! California is going! The northern departments adjacent to those countries will undergo the same fate; and what must be the necessary consequence? Mexico must either become the slave of the North American Confederacy, or be condemned to the class of the semi-barbarous republics of the South, with which no civilized nation will longer treat. From these dreadful alternatives there is no resource but in a constitutional monarchy—no security for peace, property, or religion—nothing to prevent the cathedrals of the only true religion from being turned into meeting-houses for sects which scandalize the world by their squabbles, and their towers from being over-shadowed by the hated flag of the stars and stripes!

Nothing is said distinctly as to the person in view for the throne. It is only hinted that he must be a prince of royal blood, but must come alone, unsupported by foreigners. Not a single employment, civil or military, should be held by other than a Mexican. The Mexican army must alone support the rights of the nation.

We have heard from another quarter that a scheme is supposed to be on foot to restore Santa Anna to Mexico. Meantime private letters entertain us with accounts of the amusements to which he devotes most of the day. He has obtained possession of an extensive cock pit, which is licensed, in which he has about three hundred fowls, of the first feather, and pits them at high wagers against any other combatants that may be brought to his arena.

Later from Mexico.—We have been permitted to make the following extract from a letter lately received from Vera Cruz, under date of February 28th:

"Although the recent revolution has given much dissatisfaction to a majority of the Departmental Governments, the country remains quiet. It does not appear that General Arista has as yet declared against the authority of Paredes, though it is highly probable he will do so."

A rumor has reached here which appears to have some foundation, that Sonora, Sinaolola, and Californin have pronounced against the Government.

Mr. Slidell is still at Xalapa. Our citizens and commerce remain unmolested.

There are at present before this place, French, English, and Spanish vessels of war.—*Ibid.*

From St. Domingo.—The schooner Potomac arrived yesterday, in 18 days from St. Domingo. We learn from Capt. Berry that, on the day he sailed, he saw a fleet standing for and within a few miles of the city, consisting of a frigate, two steamers, and three schooners. He supposed them to be Spanish. The Dominicans were fitting out a fleet, consisting of the ship Alert, formerly of New-York, a brig, and a schooner. They had heard of the march of the Hâitian army against them, and were making preparations to give them a warm reception.

We also learn by Capt. Snow, of the schooner Oregon, which arrived yesterday from the same port, that a few days previous to his sailing, 24th February, President Santa Anna issued a Proclamation calling on all the male inhabitants from fifteen and upwards, to prepare to resist an invasion of the Hâitians by sea and land.

General Items.

Brutal Conduct.—We find the following record of a most inhuman action in the National Intelligencer:

"A poor decrepit slave was taken to the watch-house in this city, about two months ago, and afterward, as an act of humanity, committed to the asylum, in order to prevent his being starved or frozen in our public streets. The account which the poor man gives of the manner in which his master, (who is a German, and the keeper of a livery stable in Baltimore,) has acted, in order to get rid of the slave when no longer able to work, is credited by the captain of the watch and the committing magistrate. It is brutal in the extreme; and tempts one to exclaim, in the language of the poet:—

'Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.'

"The old man, whose name is Isaac, says that he was brought to Washington some years ago from Charles county, Maryland, and sold to Mr. Rowles, a livery stable keeper. He was afterward traded away to a person named McGee, who resides in Baltimore, who afterward sold the slave to the German stable keeper already referred to.

"After keeping the slave some time, he became disabled by rheumatism and sickness, and totally useless. McGee (so says Isaac) then procured his passage from Baltimore to this city in the cars, by telling the conductor that Isaac was going to see his wife. When Isaac arrived at Washington he was turned out of the cars, without any place to stay at, decrepit, infirm, and without any means of support. He was found hobbling about the streets between twelve and one o'clock at night, by the captain of the watch, who permitted the man to remain all night in the watch-house, and let him go in the morning. The poor man was found in the market-house a few nights afterward in a distressed and starving condition. Being again taken to the watch-house, he was then, by the sitting magistrate, committed to the work-house, from which, he was dismissed by the guardians, and he is now again thrown upon the streets to be supported by casual charity or to perish. It is a great pity that there is no law to compel his inhuman owner to receive and support him."

The Mirror says:—"An agent of the Abolitionists was discovered a few miles below Memphis, on the Arkansas shore, and another in the same neighborhood two days afterwards. The citizens peaceably assembled, and advised them to leave, and thinking the advice good, they acted upon it, and departed."

Another Slaver Captured.—The ship *Panther*, in charge of Midshipman Macomb, in seventy-five days from Cabenda, on the coast of Africa, arrived at Charleston on Monday evening. She is a prize to the United States sloop *Yorktown*, having been captured and sent home under suspicion of being engaged in the Slave-Trade.

Still Another Slaver.—The schooner Robert Wilson, (of Baltimore,) Lieut. Chipman commanding as Prize Master, arrived at Charleston on Thursday morning, in thirty-eight days, from Port Praya, prize to the United States ship Jamestown. The R. W. was supposed to be engaged in the Slave-Trade, and has been sent to the United States for trial.

First March, lat. 24. 21, long. 57, 13, spoke schooner Curlew, nine days from New-York, with loss of bulwarks and other damage.

The R. W. was formerly under the command of Capt. Pfister, who is on board. The following persons were sent home as prisoners in the Robert Wilson—J. M. Rush, J. Hamilton, J. P. Morris, and A. J. Shute. They were taken by H. B. M. frigate Penelope, from steamer Cacique, engaged in slaving.

From a paragraph in the Charleston Courier, we infer that the suggestion that the Pons and Panther, (already noticed as being captured as slavers,) are not the same, but different vessels. The Panther was bound to Providence, (R. I.) but put into Charleston, on account of stress of weather, being short of provisions, and having sickness on board.

Midshipman H. G. D. Brown came home on duty in the Panther. Midshipman B. S. Cushman was attached to the Patuxent, and master's mate, J. C. Lawrence, to the Pons. Capt. J. M. Clapp, the former master, came home in the Panther.—*Balt. Pat.*

NOTICES.

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW-YORK AFRICAN SOCIETY FOR MUTUAL RELIEF.

This society will celebrate its thirty-sixth anniversary on Monday evening, March 23d, 1846, at the Abyssinian Baptist Church, in Anthony street. Doors open at 7 1-2 o'clock, exercises to commence at 8 o'clock. The St. Philip's Sacred Music Association have kindly tendered their services on this occasion, under the direction of Professor J. D. Connor. Leader of the Orchestra, Mr. W. R. Jackson.

Order of Exercises.

1. GRAND MARCH, by the Orchestra.
2. PRAYER by the Chaplain.
3. CHORUS—"Achieved is the Glorious Work."
4. READING OF THE CONSTITUTION, by *Mr. Isaac M. Matthews.*
5. ODE—"Mutual Relief."
6. ADDRESS—by *Mr. John Peterson.*
7. CHORUS—"Awake the Harp, the Lyre Awake!"
8. COLLECTION to assist the Committee in their expenses.
9. GRAND FINALE—Solo and Chorus, from the *Oratorio of the Intercession. Solo*—"Father thy word is past." *Chorus.*—"The multitude of Angels with a shout."
10. BENEDICTION.

Tickets 6 1-4 cents.—Can be had at the Drug Store, 93 West-Broadway; Mrs. Ramsey, 155 Church street; Mr. Jacob Francis, 14 Thomas street; Mr. Abraham Matthews, Greenwich street; Mr. J. Peterson, No. 5 York street, and of the undersigned

Committee of Arrangements.—William P. Powell, 61 Cherry street; Philip Lacy, 42 Orange street; John Carter, 156 Church street; Henry Carter, Wall street; William W. Essex, 66 South street; Charles Webb, 6 City-Hall Place.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Friends: At the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, measures were adopted to sustain a number of able and devoted lecturers in this State, during the present year. One (Parker Pillsbury) is already in the field. Several others will soon enter. It is desirable so to arrange their labors in connection with other anti-slavery agencies, as to accomplish the greatest amount of good. Of these, the quarterly meetings of the county societies may be justly regarded as among the most efficient.

It is now proposed to the friends in the several counties, to hold their quarterly meetings in the following order, as nearly at regular intervals as may be, throughout the year, viz:

Worcester North,	Thursday,	March	12
Bristol,	Friday,	"	20
Norfolk,	Thursday,	April	2
Plymouth,	Wednesday,	"	15
Middlesex,	Tuesday,	"	28
Essex,	Saturday,	May	9
Middlesex,	"	"	23
Worcester North,	Thursday	June	4
Worcester South,	Wednesday,	"	17
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	"	30
Bristol,	Wednesday,	July	15
Plymouth,	First of August celebration.		
Essex,	Thursday	August	13
Middlesex,	Wednesday,	"	26
Worcester North,	Tuesday,	Sept,	8
Worcester South,	Tuesday,	"	22
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	Oct,	6
Bristol,	Saturday,	"	17
Plymouth,	Thursday,	"	29
Essex,	Wednesday,	Nov.	11
Middlesex,	Tuesday,	"	24
Worcester North,	Saturday,	Dec.	5
Worcester South,	Wednesday,	"	16
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	"	29

The advantages to be derived from such an arrangement are, first, it would enable the General Agent, and one or more of the lecturing agents, to attend all the quarterly meetings in addition to their other labors, thereby giving additional interest as well as efficacy to those meetings. Second, it would break the monotony of a lecturer's life,—and by meeting so frequently with a large number of the tried and faithful friends of the cause, it would serve to cheer and encourage them in the performance of their arduous labors; and their travels, (should this proposal be acceded to,) will be so arranged as to enable them all to attend the county meetings. Third—It would produce greater harmony of action; and, consequently, a better understanding of the movements among the friends in different parts of the State.

The friends are requested to preserve this plan for future reference; and should anything occur to prevent any of the meetings taking place at the time indicated, such alterations can be made as circumstances may require.

Those to whom the Memorial to the Legislature was sent, asking for a dissolution of the Union, are requested to send them in without delay; as the attention of that body will soon be so closely engaged with money-making corporations, that it is to be feared they will have no time to bestow upon the great question of human rights.

Those who have in charge the taking of collections and sub-criptions to the Agency Fund, are also requested to make returns soon, as the Board wish to know on what to rely; so that they need not employ more lecturers than they have the means of sustaining.

Yours, for Free Iom,
LORING MOODY,
General Agent of the Mass. A. S. Society.

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

(No Union with Slaveholders.)

There will be a County Convention of the friends of the slave held in New Bedford, commencing on Friday, the 20th, and to continue the two succeeding days. It is confidently expected that this will be the greatest and most interesting meeting ever held in Bristol county. The times are portentous—the slave implores our aid. Shall he have it? Let there be one spontaneous shout—HE SHALL, HE SHALL! Come one, come all. Ample provision will be made for persons from out of town. The meeting will commence at half-past 10 o'clock, A. M. Place will be named in the handbills.

The present crisis demands that this should be the largest County Convention ever held in the old Bay State. Let the teeming thousands of Bristol county rally to this Convention, and pledge themselves anew on the altar of Freedom—resolved to make a practical application of the glorious motto of the American Society—"No Union with Slaveholders"

Wm. L. Garrison, C. L. Remond, Parker Pillsbury, and Loring Moody, will be present.

On behalf of the New Bedford A. S. Society,
SOLOMON PENETON, *President.*

WINDHAM COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Windham County Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at the Town Hall, in Brooklyn, on Thursday, the 26th of March, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and continuing through the day.

Business of importance will require the attendance of the friends of the cause as general as possible. Let every friend of the slave in Windham county be there. While the hosts of tyranny are in motion and putting forth every exertion, who can be excusable in neglecting our *gatherings for Freedom*. Speakers from abroad are expected. In behalf of the Society,

GEORGE SHARPE, *President.*
LUCIAN BURLEIGH, *Secretary.*

NEW LEBANON SPRINGS WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

In this place, so long celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, purity of the air, and utility of the water, is now instituted a WATER-CURE INFIRMARY; which, from the above considerations, promises to be of the greatest importance to the afflicted, and to persons wishing to spend a season in the country for the purpose of recruiting the energies of the system, after a time of illness or hard labor. The beauty of the scenery and salubrity of the air, is not often excelled in any country. The water is abundant and of all temperatures, from ice cold to 72 degrees Fahrenheit. The mountain springs have been tested by the celebrated chemists, Dr. Chilton, of New-York, and Professor Avery, of Hamilton College, and pronounced perfectly pure and soft. The various baths, as PLUNGE, SHOWER, DOUCHE, HOSE, FOUNTAIN, EYE & EAR, COLD OR WARM, are so constructed, as to be comfortable, inviting, and easy of access by invalids at all times. The rooms are so warmed as to render them perfectly comfortable even in the coldest weather. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic diseases, have much to induce them to visit this establishment. The water treatment has been particularly successful in the following complaints: Rheumatism, either acute or chronic, Gout, incipient stages of Consumption, Dispepsia or Indigestion, with its train of symptoms, as Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, &c. It removes nervous affections, and the various forms of Fever, as Typhus, Billious, and Intermitting. It acts like a charm in all eruptive diseases, as Small-pox, Measles, Scarlet Fever, &c. All scrofulous complaints, and diseases arising from impurities of the blood, tumors, ulcers, fever sores, and boils, are more successfully treated by water than by any system of medicine.

The diet and regimen of patients are strictly attended to, which alone, in most cases of chronic disease, is far better for the patient than any system of drug medication. Suitable medical examination and advice constantly in attendance at the establishment, who will give strict attention to the patients, and point out all necessary changes to facilitate the cure.

Those who feel competent to treat their own cases at home, and want an examination and prescription, can have it at a reasonable expense.

The inhabitants of this vicinity are particularly notified that they can have medical advice and attention at their own houses, in all acute or chronic diseases, where it is not practical to come to the establishment.

One important item to the afflicted is, that the water-cure patients are never left to groan out a miserable life from the ill effects of mineral or vegetable poisons.

The expense, per week, is from $5 to $8, including board, medical advice and attendance.

N. B. The patients are expected to bring two linen or cotton sheets, three woollen blankets, two comfortables, and towels. DAVID CAMBELL, *Principal.*

N. BEDORTHA, M. D. Resident Physician.
DR. S. GRAHAM, Counselling Physician.
P. S. Located 25 miles east of Albany, 7 miles west of Pittsfield, Mass. and within an hour's ride of the Boston and Albany, the Hudson, and also the Housatonic railroads.

HAMILTON LYCEUM.

A course of six Lectures will be delivered before the Hamilton Lyceum, at the Phœnix Hall, 592 Broadway, one

Poetry.

THE SEASONS.

The following beautiful passage is from a Poem written by GEORGE B. VASHON, a colored young man of Pittsburgh:

First, SPRING came tripping on from Southern bowers,
And strewed her sunny path with fragrant flowers,
Bade the still brook from out its torpor wake,
And freed, from icy bonds, the captive lake;
Then smiling back upon the smiling land,
Resigned the rule to SUMMER's warmer hand.
Earth, in the genial change rejoicing much,
Glowed like a picture 'neath a Guido's touch,
And lovelier grew, with each succeeding day,
Till Autumn seized the sceptre and the sway.
She, to enhance the beauty of the scene,
Tinged with rich brown each leaflet's brilliant green,
Cast o'er the land her sad yet lovely smile,
Then sank beneath dread WINTER's chilling wile.
Dread Winter, who, with no kind feeling warm,
Evoked, in envious rage, the blighting storm;
And conscious, that no gift she could bestow,
To equal Summer's, Spring's, or Autumn's glow,
Blew spitefully, her freezing breath on all,
And strove to crush earth 'neath her snowy pall.

From Dickens's Daily News.

VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day;
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought, and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say,
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it paper—aid it type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of though, and men of action;
CLEAR THE WAY!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
Lo! the right's about to conquer.
CLEAR THE WAY!
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.

With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey;
Men of thought, and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY! C. M.

Miscellany.

MARIE;
OR
Slavery in the United States.

BY GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT.

Author of Travels in Ireland; and, in conjunction with de Tocqueville, of "Penitentiary System of the United States."

(Translated for the Standard)

CHAPTER XVI.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Marie, on beholding the banks. Her moral energy could not have sustained a longer trial. I took her in my arms, and placed her in an Indian pirogue, and took my seat by her, as in the passage of the Sable. "Pardon me, dear friend," said Marie, tenderly, "if I have given you pain, but during our whole journey I have been possessed with the idea that a fatal destiny was opposed to our arrival. I was wrong, for you, my good angel, were guiding me. I felt my soul and strength both yield: but now I am stronger and of good cheer."

These words filled my heart with joy, and I looked towards the bank as the final term of all our sufferings.

"See," said Marie to me, pointing to our future empire—"how we shall be situated in this distant region. Yes, the waters of the Saginaw are still purer and more peaceful than those of the Sable.—The air is milder, the spot sweeter; and see how the star of night,—our good genius of the wilderness,—rises and shines in all its splendor!—"

Thus speaking, she cast her eyes towards the heavens; but suddenly hiding them with her hands, "My God!" she exclaimed, with a voice of terror; for at that instant, the red, inflamed disc of the moon rose up from amid the forest shades, seeming as it ascended, to be supported upon the summits of the trees. It seemed like a bloody spectre, in our eyes, as it rose and increased.

This terrible image made a deep impression upon the mind of Marie, and the cry of alarm, that she vainly strove to restrain, expressed the sinister augury she received. In the attainment of the end desired, Marie had felt an unnatural energy which could be but of short duration. I know not whether her strength gave way in exact proportion with her faith in the future; but I found her almost immediately in a state of extreme exhaustion.

Our situation was as embarrassing as the imagination can well conceive.

Nelson was not at Saginaw. The boat in which he, with the Cherokees, had taken passage, had not yet arrived, and the Ottawa Indians, the original inhabitants of the region, assured me that no stranger had for a long time been there.

This failure in our plans was a source of inconvenience and anxiety to us both, and greatly increased the difficulties of our situation. Nelson was to have prepared for our arrival, some means of reception, which were now entirely wanting. I put my shoulder to the work, instantly, but I know not what would have become of us, if we had not found the shelter of a hospitable roof while our cabin was in preparation. Saginaw, where you now see two good houses, then could boast of but one, of the rudest construction, which we found occupied by an American of Canadian origin. This man seemed glad to see us, recognizing in me the French look and manner. "You are from old France!" said he. He was born among the Indians, whose customs he had for the most part adopted. Hunting and fishing supplied all his wants, and he found an inexpressible charm in a life of savage liberty. Just as we arrived, he was on the point of departing for Fort Gratiot, on a hunting expedition, and he offered us his cabin until I could build for myself. I proposed to buy it, leaving it to him to name the price; but he refused to hear of it, saying that he loved the spot—he was born here, and here he would end his days.

Thus was national character distinctly discernible even in the depths of the wilderness.

The Anglo-American yields to no suggestions but those of interest. Nothing attaches him to his dwelling-place;—neither family ties nor tender affections. Always ready to leave his abode, he would sell it to whoever would offer him a dollar more than it cost him.

Nor far off, you may see the American of French blood, attaching himself strongly to his birthplace, cherishing the land where his fathers have dwelt, loving for themselves the objects that surround him, and preferring these things, of an entirely ideal value, to the cold enjoyments of wealth.

I accepted his offer, though I could not prevail on him to receive any remuneration.

We had now an asylum, but all was abstraction and wretchedness around us.

Marie was, from the first day, seized with the fever of the country, which rarely fails to attack strangers newly arrived; and I was therefore obliged to divide myself between the cares which her illness required, and the labor necessary in building our new dwelling. The cabin of the Canadian, precious as its shelter had been in our utter destitution, afforded but an imperfect shelter. It was composed of logs of wood, imperfectly joined, between which the dampness by night and the heat by day alike penetrated. Swarms of insects crept in in the same way. Some, imperceptible to the eye, revealed their presence by the suffering of their bite. Others, armed with a long sting, swarmed in with a perpetual buzzing, and keeping up a pitiless warfare upon us, and cruelly disturbing the repose of Marie.

There was nothing in the coarse food to which we were reduced that could prove injurious to robust health, but Marie's exhaustion, disease, and habits of living, rendered more suitable nourishment necessary, and as we were situated, we had no means of providing it.

All things were wanting in this wilderness. The nearest physician was at Detroit; and I saw Marie languishing, without being able to afford her the slightest relief.

Neither could we think of leaving this spot. It would have been necessary to return to Detroit in order to find any aid. We had no means of reaching it by water, and it would have been madness to encounter a second time, the fatigues of the long journey which had so prostrated Marie.

I counted the days by my agonies: for in the wilderness all the established divisions of time disappear;—no more months—no more weeks—no more days. One very quickly loses entirely the reckoning of time; and then a new method takes its place—that of good and bad, fine and stormy weather; and besides, when a terrible sorrow embitters our life, it is but one long period of wretchedness and grief, a succession of groanings—echoes of the original sorrow which perpetually repeat themselves, and cease only beneath the stone that marks our sepulchre.

But great as was my suffering and perplexity, my heart refused to entertain a serious apprehension of the final result. Nelson would soon arrive—Marie would soon also, have a better shelter from the elements. Her illness proceeded entirely, doubtless, from a succession of days without rest or sleep, and would yield to a few nights of perfect repose;—and then how happy should we be!

It was, meanwhile, a source of sorrow to us that this trouble of the first days in our chosen asylum, should rob us of the inestimable charm of the first impressions!

Strange blindness! my principal suffering was, not the foresight of misfortunes, but the deprivation of joys.

I looked the obstacles before me in the face, and armed myself to combat them, with that moral energy which only the hope of success can give. I worked upon our cabin all the time that I was not necessarily detained by the side of Marie; and in this task I was seconded by Onasco, whose devotedness cannot be described. This faithful servant seemed to multiply himself, that he might meet and conquer every difficulty.

In the midst of these rude labors and the fatigues they cost me, I found a secret delight in that all our happiness would be my own work.

But, how diligent soever might be my efforts, the work that I had undertaken demanded more time than I had anticipated. The condition of Marie became more and more alarming. Her pulse announced an increasing fever. She uttered not a single complaint, but, beneath the wandering smile upon her lips, it was easy to perceive an expression of profound suffering.

She said to me, one day, with great tenderness—"Ludovic, you are taking too much pains with our dwelling."

Again—"You leave me to labor upon the cottage; Ah!—I conjure you to remain with me. Who can foresee the future?"

I drove far from me the fearful thought of which these words contained the germ.

Meanwhile, the change of the season came, to aggravate my uneasiness and my sufferings. About ten days had elapsed since our arrival at Saginaw, and the heat of the month of June began to be felt. Penetrated by the rays of the scorching sun, assailed by clouds of insects, whose numbers and malignity seemed increased by the burning temperature, our little cabin became the scene of suffering of which I will not sketch for you the picture. I made vain attempts to drive away the innumerable enemies that filled the air; they were far readier to renew their ranks than I to annihilate them. I saw my beloved invalid continually assailed by these vile insects, and I passed days and nights, watching over her, endeavoring to alleviate, by my cares, her weariness and suffering.

Onasco labored, meanwhile, at the cabin, without relaxation, and it was nearly finished. But to crown our misfortunes, he too was attacked by the fever of the country, and then I found myself alone, without aid, surrounded by ills that I was obliged, continually, to behold without the power of removing.

The idea of a fatal termination had been unable to find entrance into my soul. How strange is it, that when one is in the full possession and tranquil enjoyment of a blessing dearer than life, there should be a readiness to entertain chimerical fears; while, if a great danger presents itself, one makes as much effort to close one's eyes to the real peril, as before to conjure up an imaginary one. Such is the order and the justice of Heaven. The happy are troubled in their joy by the dread of misfortune, and the wretched consoled in their misery by the illusions of happiness.

Still, the words of Marie, of which the recollection remained in my mind,—the sight of her sufferings,—and perhaps, also, the obstinacy of fate in counteracting all my plans cast a trouble into my soul. A fatal light gleamed upon me, and my whole body was bathed in a cold sweat. I made an effort to recal my reason which I felt was beginning to wander, and said to Marie, "My beloved, in a few days our new abode will be ready to receive you. Then the presence of Nelson alone will be wanting to our happiness. If he were coming without a guide in these lonely regions, we might feel anxiety for him, but what have we to fear since we know he is surrounded by the Indians by whom he is beloved and revered, and for whom the best, fairest land is the most desert. Let us hope soon to welcome him; but my beloved, I ask of heaven one thing, as a dearer blessing than all others in this world—the termination of your sufferings. We know of no remedy for them; the aid of a physician is necessary; I will go for one, to Detroit. I shall reach there in two days, and two days after I shall be here again, bringing with me the man whose skill will restore you to health. During my absence our faithful Onasco will remain with you; though ill himself, he will find strength for the care of his good mistress."

Onasco, who was present, could not hear these words without emotion. Marie listened to them with the deepest feeling. She was at first silent—then thoughtful, and replied, at length, in a broken voice:

"My friend, quit me not, I conjure you. Four days! That is long! No—no—Ludovic—you must stay!"—and her look, fixed upon me, took the darkest expression of mournful tenderness.

I tried to explain to her the folly of yielding to a weakness which might be fatal to our future happiness, while the sacrifice of a few days would secure it.

But I met an instinctive resistance, against which my reason was powerless.

"My beloved," she said—"I entreat you not to leave me. You know fragile is the vine, separated from the trunk that protects it. Ludovic, removed from you, I should be feebler still. Your presence alone sustains me. If you depart I am broken."

The accent with which she uttered this was heart-rending.

Troubled by this language, the more afflicting that it had all the bitterness of despair, without its exaggerating violence, I fell on my knees by the pillow of Marie; without the power to utter a word. I seized her hand, and shed upon it a torrent of tears; never had sorrow so overwhelmed my soul.

When this storm had passed I raised my dejected forehead;—but self-possession, that had momentarily fled, returned only to show me all the horrors of my situation, and the excess of my wretchedness.

The illusions of misfortune which make sport with hope, had, until now, hidden from me the real situation of Marie. She herself had constantly conspired with them to conceal it. When I spoke of our future happiness she shed tears, which seemed to have their source in joy. If I spoke of her illness, she quickly changed the subject of conversation: forgetful of her own ills, she strove with all her power to relieve my anxiety, and when she was consuming with the severest sufferings, it was she who still gave me consolation.

How great was the shock I felt, when examining the cherished hand that I held with mine in a transport of despair and love, I beheld it worn and scorched by fever to a frightful thinness!

The light that glared upon my vision was like that of the lightning, which is one with the stroke that destroys. The body of Marie seemed devoured by the disease. Her face alone had not yielded to its ravages, and still preserved, notwithstanding her emaciation, every token of a strength but slightly diminished. Either the energy of her soul was depicted in her look, or the irritation of fever had caused the slight remainder of her blood and strength to mount high upon her cheek.

Thus was the sad reality unveiled to me. This was the effect of those long days, passed under a burning sun; of those still longer nights, passing over in fatigue and anxiety, without sleep, rest, or shelter, in the ever growing torment, a sleeplessness which was never to end!

But Onasco, who witnessed my emotion, now spoke. "My good master," he said, "you cannot quit this place. Let *me* go to Detroit. I will immediately return with the man you want."

As he saw me hesitating to accept this offer, dictated by his devotedness, and which his own illness rendered imprudent, he declared that he felt much better; and that the hope of saving his mistress would restore his strength. "Faithful servant!" I replied, "It is *my* life also that thou wilt save."

I know not whether an extraordinary effort of soul may not be able to overcome the attacks of disease, and renew the failing strength: but I saw Onasco, after having received my farewell embrace, cross the river with speed, and traverse with the swiftness of a deer, the prairie which forms the opposite shore.

Here Ludovic paused. His melancholy visage was covered with a cloud of still deeper sadness; but after an instant of silence he thus resumed. The day following the departure of Onasco, I experienced all the emotion of an illusive joy. I saw a large troop of Indians arrive at Saginaw, whose costume and exterior aspect was in all points like that of the Cherokees. I doubted not that they were the companions of Nelson, and I was eager to go and meet them, persuaded that I should find him among them.

Still, I recognized none of their faces as they came nearer, and I soon became sure that although they were Cherokees, these were not the Indians that I was expecting.

While I was looking at them, I witnessed a scene which was the means of a dreadful revelation to me.

The arrival of the Cherokees had put in motion all the Ottawa tribe which occupies Saginaw and the environs. The latter comprehended how fatal would be the presence of these new comers upon a territory which hardly furnished the means of subsistence to the original inhabitants. For the most part they dissembled their feelings, but some had not the prudence to conceal them.

"You are taking our lands!" said an Ottawa Indian to a chief of the Cherokees.

"Are not the forests of Michigan large enough for us all?"

"No!" replied the first speaker. "We are already straitened in this region, and thou shalt not build thy wigwam here!"

He made a threatening gesture as he spoke. "Wretch!" replied his adversary, "dost thou not, then, know Mohawtan?" and at the same instant, seizing his tomahawk, he laid the Ottawa at his feet.

This act of violence occasioned a great excitement among the Ottawas. I could not behold it without horror. Meanwhile, the last words of the Cherokee awoke some remembrances in my mind, and I recollected that George, in recounting to me the persecutions of Nelson, in Georgia, had mentioned an Indian chief named Mohawtan, renowned for his valor, and who had first given the signal of resistance to oppression. I questioned him on the subject, adding that I was a friend of Nelson, the Presbyterian minister, and the defender of the Indians. At the name of Nelson the physiognomy of the Indian assumed a mingled expression of good-will and admiration. "You are the friend of Nelson!" he cried, with emotion.

"Yes," I replied; "and you will soon behold himself in this place. I know not what obstacle detains him, for he was to have preceded me. His daughter Marie, whom I love, is here, in yonder cabin. She is ill, languishing, and I am overwhelmed with anxiety. I am alone here, without friends; abandoned to my sufferings in the midst of two Indian tribes, whom I see about to engage in a fatal struggle. For mercy's sake, have pity on my unfortunate condition. Nelson, Marie's father, was your protector—his son George was not less devoted to your cause.

(*To be continued.*)

From Chambers' Journal.

A PLEA FOR VEGETABLE DIET.

Many speculations have been made regarding the original and natural food of man, and of late a pretty large octavo volume has been published on the subject.* The ingenious author of this volume, himself a vegetable feeder, argues for an exclusive vegetable diet. The structure of the teeth in all the vertebrated animals affords a sure index of their kind of diet. Thus all the flesh-feeders have sharp-pointed teeth, both before and in the back part of the jaw; while the herbivorous orders have the grinders flattened and rounded. In man, the teeth form an uninterrupted series: they are all nearly of equal length, and placed close to each other, and occupy the whole jaw—a character by which man is distinguished from all existing animals. His canine teeth, which have been said to indicate his carnivorous tendency, are less prominent than in animals admitted to be exclusively granivorous—as the horse, camel, or stag. His bicuspids, or first grinders, have two prominences instead of one, as in the carnivora. His grinders bear a close resemblance to those of the monkey tribe, but differ from the rest of the herbivora in the arrangement of the enamel. In the flesh-feeding animals, the inferior molars fall inside the upper, so as to tear the flesh; and the jaws have but one motion upwards and downwards. In man and the herbivora, the upper and lower teeth meet exactly; and the jaw has a rotatory motion, so as to grind the food. On the whole, the digestive organs of man bear a closer similarity to those of the monkey tribe than to any other family; though the teeth of the orang-outang, which lives on fruits and farinaceous nuts, have a more carnivorous character than those of the human species.—We must also bear in mind that man, even in his rudest state, is a cooking animal, and has various means of preparing his food before he comes to masticate it; and thus the true carnivorous teeth, even supposing that flesh were his natural food, would be to him unnecessary. If we appeal to long experience, however, it appears evident that man may be either a flesh-feeding animal, a vegetable-feeding, or both, as circumstances may happen. There can be no doubt that the great mass of mankind on the earth's surface are, in reality, very nearly exclusively vegetable eaters. Yet there are some tribes, as the Esquimaux, that live entirely on animal food; and many nations of hunters that partake of little else than the flesh of animals killed in the chase. The American travellers, Lewis and Clarke, spent upwards of two years among the natives of the far West: and during the greater part of this period, lived exclusively on animal food, without even salt. They enjoyed excellent health; and on returning to civilized life, they gave up their hunter's fare with some degree of reluctance. Certain carnivorous animals may also, in time, be brought to live on grain; and herbivorous quadrupeds have no objections to eat fish, or even flesh, when they can obtain such fare. Such is the effect of habit on the animal system.

As recent discoveries in chemistry have shown that vegetables contain the same elements as flesh, we need not be surprised that man may live and thrive on a diet almost or altogether vegetable. The same gluten, albumen, fibrin, and oily matters that exist in a beefsteak, or mutton-chop, are also found in our esculent vegetables; the difference only amounting to a peculiarity of taste, or a slight diversity in the arrangement of particles. The starch and sugar of the farinacea are soon manufactured by the digestive apparatus into oil, and the albumen into animal muscle. Experience proves that a vegetable diet is lighter, and less liable to bring on diseases, than one in which animal food largely prevails. It is affirmed to be equally nutricious, and equally capable of sustaining the strength even of the hardest laboring men. We have undoubted evidences of this in the robust Irishman, fed on potatoes; and the hardy Scotch peasant, who rarely indulges in a flesh diet. From a very early period, the philosophers of Greece advocated, and even practised, an exclusively vegetable diet, as being more conducive to clearness of intellect and mental activity. The Pythagorean sages inculcated the same; hence the prevalence of the rice diet over the vast and densely-peopled regions of Asia. It is related that Newton, while writing his great work on optics, lived entirely without animal food; while Descartes, Haller, Hufeland, Howard the philanthropist, Byron, Shelley, and a host of other men of genius, were the advocates of a vegetable diet. The tendency of a full diet of animal food to bring on various complaints—such as gout, scurvy, liver disease, and calculous disorders—is not more clearly ascertained than that a contrary regimen of vegetable food is decidedly efficacious in their cure. To children, too, a farinaceous, combined with a milk diet, is found by universal experience to be that which is least exciting, and most conducive to their health and full development. It is also affirmed that a vegetable diet is favorable to longevity. Among the Norwegian, Russian, and Scottish peasantry, who lead a simple life, and live on simple fare, there are more instances of extreme old age than among many other more luxurious nations.

It is worth while to show upon how moderate an allowance of food human life may be comfortably supported. In the year 1840, some experiments were instituted in the Glasgow prison on the diet of a selected number of the inmates. Ten persons were fed for two months on the following fare: to breakfast, each had eight ounces of oatmeal made into porridge, with a pint of buttermilk; to dinner, three pounds boiled potatoes, with salt; to supper, five ounces of oatmeal porridge, with one half-pint of buttermilk. At the end of two months they were all in good health; each person had gained four pounds in weight; and they liked the diet, the cost of which, including cookery, was twopence three farthings per day. Other ten young men were fed for the same period solely on boiled potatoes and salt; each had two pounds for breakfast, three pounds to dinner, and one pound to supper. They gained three and a half pounds each; and they declared that they preferred this fare to the ordinary diet of the prison. Twenty others were fed on the same allowance of porridge and milk for breakfast and supper as the first ten; but to dinner they had soup, containing two pounds of potatoes to each, and a quarter of a pound of meat. At the end of two months they had lost each in weight one and a quarter pounds; and they all disliked this dinner: the expense of each, daily, was threepence seven-eighths. Twenty others had the same breakfast and supper, with one pound of potatoes to dinner, and half a pound of meat. They preserved good health, but rather decreased in weight, and preferred the ordinary diet of the prison. The expense was fourpence seven-eighths each. In these cases, perhaps the previous habits and tastes of the prisoners had some influence; yet it appears evident that the six pounds of potatoes daily was a more nutricious diet than the smaller quantities of soup or animal food. If variety of dishes be desired, there is certainly a wider range in the vegetable department even than in the animal. Rice, sago, peas, beans, carrot, turnip, are all at hand to ring the changes upon. An excellent and nourishing soup may be made of a pound of pease-meal, a carrot or two, and a turnip; and jellies and blanc-manges, of as beautiful an aspect, and of a much easier digestion, are as procurable for the dessert as those from animal products.

We have known persons who, from a peculiarity of constitution, or perhaps rather from a vagary of taste, have lived entirely without the use of animal food; and these were certainly not deficient either in physical or mental powers. A writer in the Dublin Journal of Medicine thus gives his own case:—When about four years of age, having been much bantered by some friends for petting lambs and rabbits, and afterwards eating the flesh of such animals, in a fit of childish indignation he declared he would never again eat flesh. This resolution was adhered to; and his parents, who were not very much impressed with the necessity of animal food, and who believed that the whim would soon wear off, did not interfere. For the last twenty-one years he has entirely abstained from eating anything that ever had life, as well as from eggs and cheese; whilst he never partook of even one glass of wine, spirits, or any intoxicating liquor; nor does he make use of tea or coffee. His health has been invariably good; and at school and college he was possessed of more activity and strength than any of his associates of the same age, whilst he exceeded all in endurance. Though sedentary habits must have prevented the full development of his muscular powers, he has on more than one occasion walked sixty English miles in one day, without any other inconvenience than blistered feet. His average weight has continued much the same for the last seven years; but increases half a stone during summer, and diminishes in the same ratio in winter. To abridge the number of our wants, is to increase our happiness and independence; and the writer affirms that he derives as high gratification, or at least as high as he would wish to derive, from satisfying his appetite with fruits and farinacea, as can be afforded by the "gory banquets" of others; whilst he is at least free from those after-consequences which he hears so often complained of by his friends. Several other similar cases are mentioned by this writer, and among others that of a cousin of his own, who came to reside with him when seven years of age, and who was led, from motives of attachment, to adopt his Pythagorean habits, in which he persevered for above fifteen years, and was at last induced to become carnivorous only by the painful sense of peculiarity which he experienced on mingling with society.

[We would be understood as only sanctioning the principles advocated in this paper to a certain extent. We are of opinion that a larger proportion of vegetable food might advantageously be introduced into the diet of the middle and higher classes in this country; but we have no faith in an exclusively vegetable aliment, which, we understand, often has a detrimental effect on the excretions, rendering them unusually offensive, and also on the intellectual operations, which it tends to weaken. One fact seems to tell strongly against all attempts to make out man naturally a vegetable feeder, that for the first few months of his existence, while nursing, he is exclusively supported by animal food.—ED. C.'s J.]

* Fruits and Farinacea the Proper Food of Man. By John Smith. London.

From the New-York Mirror.

THE INDIAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

There was beauty, bloom, and music, all the country through; and clear bright summer sunlight played upon the turf as pleasantly, and imaged in the human heart as beautiful ideals as though it gladdened classic ground or glossed the wealth of titled homes. Not sunlight recognized in pleasant places only, making beautiful that which was fair already—it played amid the branches of dry, dead trees even while its radiance made glad the foliage of all the thick-leaved forest; it gleamed down, too, deep into murky pools, with still as pure a lustre as glistened in the beams that lay upon the open rivulet; many a wild unsightly thing waxed lovely in that immortal beauty, and many a thinking moral being imbibed a better spirit and more holy aspirations, in the gladness of that summer's day.

Not quite in unison with all this loveliness, yet never marring or disturbing it, were wandering by untrodden ways, a group of human beings. Indians, with Indian dress and bearing, and strange medley of Indian ornament. Men left their fields and marked, women watched them from their window sides, investing them with names and histories with womanlike sagacity, whilst outside every door, and by almost every hedge or brookside were children, wondering, too, most noisely; for in our late day the errand of red Indians in the heart of Massachusetts might justify conjecture anywhere.

They were no beggars—the three red wanderers—but stated graciously their wishes, receiving with so regal a condescension boons they named, there was a privilege in giving. On they went, not in the clear highway, but over pasture fields, from thicket to thicket, loitering, now in some wild dell, now by a lone watercourse, or toiling up the steepest precipices to sit down there within a haunt too rocky and too thickly wooded to tell of aught save forest times.

Of half the sage conjecture they awakened, it would be needless now to tell. They might be on an embassy—their nation at the West were seeking fellowship, and kindred at the East perhaps, and the warrior chosen as the fittest representation, to guard against wayfaring loneliness, had taken on the way his wife and little son; as true conservatives as Indians are, they might be bent on canceling some olden debt of courtesy—turning their footsteps eastward to return a social visit, and so in either case, to give interest to the journey, had taken the Massachusetts route.

Meantime the boy had won a world of sympathy. To him this pilgrimage it seemed, was forced and irksome, and pent up in his little heart were many yearnings for his olden galadays; many choice memories, too, for, from giving back at times a wayside cheer or greeting, he had learned to loiter by the way, picturing to the boys remembered scenes and faces. Rare pictures they were, too, that, with all his transposed speech and grotesque gesture gained him friends unnumbered. At last, by slow degrees, in those unconscious revelations, the wherefore of this Indian visit was revealed.

The pilgrimage had been projected in his boyhood. Some far back ancestor had been a warrior in a Massachusetts tribe, and the pictures of his smiling home and hunting-grounds preserved and handed down as Indian legends, had mingled in his dreams like cherished memories. Now the project was accomplished, and how unlike the image in his heart, realities had proven, no heart save his could know; for an Indian, whether in the real or ideal, is warder of his own reflections always.

Beautiful and true they were—those blessed promptings that lured him from his native wilds, so many and so many miles to look upon the land his fathers owned! Beautiful and true, though the Indian had but yielded to a sentiment acknowledged and revered the world throughout—the old unchanging love of fatherland. A. P.

INTELLIGENCE AT THE SOUTH.

A good anecdote is told by a Methodist circuit rider, who not long since, called at a house near the head waters on Sandy river, in Virginia, to stay all night. Everybody knows the character of the citizens of this region of country, and that it has been, and for years to come will continue to be, on account of its mountain fastness, the home of a most ignorant and debased population. Our parson, a man of great simplicity of character, on entering, found four men seated on the floor, playing cards. These, who seemed scarcely to note his arrival, he passed to where the wife of the proprietor was, who very soon engaged him in conversation. Among other questions, she asked:

"What might your business in these parts be, stranger?"

"I am hunting the lost sheep of the house of Israel," replied the parson.

"Old man! old man!" cried the woman to her husband, "old man, I say, I'll lay anything that old ram that was here 'tother day belongs to this man."

The minister was forced to explain—whereupon, gazing at him with an air of curiosity and astonishment, she rose to her feet and exclaimed, "a preacher! well, you're the first critter of that sort as was ever seen in these parts afore, as I've seen—but may be you'd like a dram, stranger?"

"No, madam, I never drink."

"Never drink? well, raly!"

The men, during the dialogue, continued their game at cards—but as if struck with the impropriety of such conduct before a minister of the Gospel, (a species of which she had heard, but never seen,) the woman addressed the card players, with an air of one accustomed to command. "Look here men! ain't you a d——d nice set to let a preacher come here and catch you playin' cards! Move, every one of you, or I'll break this pine knot over your cursed pates." It is hardly necessary to add that the room was speedily cleared.

The anecdote above related is literally true, and a sample of the character of the settlers of Sandy.—*Post.*

POTATO JELLY.

The readiness with which a good sized basin-full of thick jelly may be procured from a single moderate sized potato, is a fact worth knowing. I have several times repeated the experiment, and find that it does not require more than eight minutes to change a raw potato into a basin-full of most excellent jelly, which has only to be seasoned with a little sugar, nutmeg, and white wine, to please the most fastidious palate. To obtain this jelly in perfection let a potato be washed, peeled, and grated; throw the pulp thus procured into a jug of water, and stir it well. Let it stand for a few minutes, and a sufficient quantity of starch will have fallen for the purpose required. Pour off the water, and then keep stirring up the starch at the bottom of the basin while boiling water is being poured upon it, and it will soon and suddenly pass to a state of jelly.—The only nicety required is to be careful that the water is absolutely boiling, otherwise the change will not take place. Mr. Darwin has recorded an instance of some of his attendants being unable to boil potatoes above a certain height on the Cordileras, owing to the diminution of pressure not allowing the water to become sufficiently heated before it boiled. There may, possibly, be some connection between the conditions under which potatoes can be boiled, and their starch converted to jelly. Upon comparing this jelly with that from the starch called arrowroot, and obtained direct from Bermuda, I find a difficulty in my own person in discriminating between their flavor, though an invalid, in the habit of eating arrowroot. The difference, however, becomes more sensible when both jellies are make palatable with sugar, &c. for then, both the invalid (myself) and another person were equally decided in our preference of the jelly from the potato to that from the arrowroot, the other possessing rather a mawkish flavor, as though it had been prepared with smoky water. I know not whether medical men are able to point out any real difference in the composition of starch obtained from potatoes and that from the arrowroot, or whether experience has shown them that the one is more nutritious food for the invalid than the other, but, certainly, arguing *a priori*, and with no wish to give them an opportunity of trying the experiment upon myself, I am inclined to think that sending to Jamaica for arrowroot starch at 2s. 5d. to 3s. a pound, is a most superfluous extravagance, whilst we can manufacture that from potatoes at home for about 1-2d or 1d.

Some discussion has of late taken place relative to the release of the Prince Louis Napoleon, nephew of the great Napoleon, from his prison at Ham. It appears that he would be immediately allowed his liberty, if he would pledge his honor never again to attempt to disturb the existing order of things in this country—that is, never attempt to gain the monarchy, or the chief government of the French nation. But that, it does not appear, he is inclined to do; though, perhaps, as his father is dying, and anxious to see him, he will be compelled eventually to do it. What objection he can have to it is difficult to say; for, notwithstanding the deep veneration which exists towards the memory of Napoleon, the French of the present day would no more think of calling one of his family to the throne, or of making him their chief ruler, than they would think of choosing the man in the moon. Comtede Montholoh, the Prince's companion in captivity, and his associate in the mad-hurried enterprise which resulted in that captivity, is publishing in one of the daily newspapers an account of the exile of Napoleon, at St. Helena, which he also shared. It is written with greater simplicity than Frenchmen generally employ, and it is needless to add is very interesting and effective. He mentions that, when on quitting England, the Northumberland caught a view of the French coast, there was a cry of "France! France!" whereupon Napoleon, raising his hat, exclaimed, with much emotion, "*Adieu, terre des braves, je te salve! Adieu, France, adieu!*"

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

TO MINISTERS OF JESUS CHRIST, IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

REVEREND GENTLEMEN:—"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." This is the great constitutional fact of Christianity. And God is one, and he is love; and all who dwell in him, must dwell together in unity, though locally divided by seas and oceans. As neither the length or breadth of the universe, nor height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, can intersect or dilute the unity of the God of love, so neither of these things, nor all of them, can separate true Christians from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, or interrupt or weaken the unity of that divine connection. For the hearts of all fruit-bearing Christians on earth are grafted into the heart of Christ, and thus are brethren by ties, by ligaments of unity, unknown to any relations of mere human consanguinity. Now, in view of this *blood relation* to Christ, of a brotherhood of closer intimacies than those that fraternize the angels about the Throne on high, let me call your attention to a moral phenomenon now culminating in the commercial world, as a harbinger-star of a great apocalypse. The two great Anglo-Saxon nations, evidently designed, by the very elements of their character and position, to evangelize and uplift the human race, have appeared to be on the eve of war, a calamity which would be felt to the farthest habitation on the globe. Foreseeing the ruin in which such a fratricidal war would involve the wealth of self-interest, the existence of commerce, and the whole net-work of social relations and pecuniary affinities which long years of international trade have thrown around the two nations, the merchants of Great Britain have addressed the merchants of America, appealing to the highest principles in the religion of the Ledger, to induce them to use all the influence they can exert on their Government to avert the dire calamity of war. In their earnest and graphic exposition of the evils of war and the blessings of peace, they say, not exactly in the language of the Bible, but in that of a commercial edition of the same Revelation, "GODLINESS IS GREAT GAIN:" Peace, universal Peace, is universal Prosperity; the PECUNIARY benefits of having the Kingdom of God and his righteousness *established* throughout the world, render obedience imperative and lucrative! Now, then, just notice the wisdom of the children of this world in their generation. They have involuntarily acknowledged that all the interests which absorb their attention, depend upon the extent and prevalence of "the fruits of the Spirit"—righteousness and peace; that the Ledger, the Bible of Commerce, is a Gospel of peace; and, as if a commercial duplicate of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, lifts up its *Balance sheet* against all war, enjoining upon all true disciples of Mammon to live in peace and unity with all men. In other words, they are trying to EVANGELIZE the world with the LEDGER, instead of the Bible; to Christianize the race *inversely*, or for "all these other things" that follow inevitably in the train of Christianity. Now, when there is imminent danger that the Kingdom of God and his righteousness will be overthrown in the hearts of men by a war between the two nations, these merchants, these *inverse* Christians, run out in the thoroughfares of the agitated people, and, with Ephesian zeal, cry, "Great is Christianity! great is Christianity!"—With their Ledgers in their hands, full of the pecuniary records of Godliness, they shout, "*Peace on earth, and good will to men!*" See with what faith they resort to the principles of their commercial morality to do just what the sublimest doctrines of Jesus Christ were designed to do in fraternizing mankind! See them at work, endeavoring to tie the two great Anglo-Saxon nations together with the tow strings, the cotton yarn, of Commerce! as if they were the strongest bonds of union that could connect hearts divided by a sea!

Ministers of the Gospel of Christ, will you suffer the sublime religion you teach to be outrun in beneficence by the religious code of Mammon? Will you permit the day book of the merchant to outspeak the New Testament of the Son of God, in denouncing war, and proclaiming the blessings of peace? Shall these citizens and artisans of Ephesus drown the voice of the children of the Most High by their shoutings of "*Great is Christianity! Great is Christianity! Great are the commercial benefits of Christianity! Great is Peace!*" Will you, the ordained colleagues of the angels who sang, circling the cradle of your Redeemer, "Peace on earth, and good will to men," will you let the echo of that anthem go back to heaven, merely from the lips of the disciples of Mammon? Shall British merchants say to American merchants: "Let us dwell together in unity, for a common interest makes us brethren;" and shall there be no fraternal greetings exchanged, at such a juncture, between the ministers of Jesus, who are divided only by the Atlantic? Awake! the call is loud!—the publicans and money-changers of this world are crowding into the kingdom of heaven; they are bringing their doves and cattle, and all their pecuniary interests into the Temple of the holy God for protection from the ruthless hand of war.—Awake! The surges of human existence are stirred with the alarum, "Awake! and Christ shall give thee light!" Light to lighten the Gentiles to a higher Gospel than the revelation of commerce! Now is the time to say to the world, that there are interests perilled and destroyed by war, that never bore record on the leaves of the ledger; to say to Anglo-Saxon merchants who are trying to tie their countries together, with the attenuated threads of trade, that British and American Christians are tied together by bonds of brotherhood, strong as the heart-strings of the Son of God, merged in his love, dwelling together in him in the unity of his spirit.

Now is the time to unite Anglo-Saxon Christians in a brotherhood whose moral power shall be felt all over the world. Let, then, the Gospel ministers, on both sides of the Atlantic, arise and shake hands across the ocean. Let not only ecclesiastical greetings be interchanged in printed communications, but letters filled with all the personalities of friendship, conveyed in the handwriting of a friend. Let Christian men and ministers pair off, and engage in a personal correspondence on the things that belong to our peace. Every letter thus interchanged, like a weaver's shuttle, will carry across the ocean a silken ligature to bind two kindred hearts, and, through them, two kindred nations. Such a social movement, co-operating with the one I have noticed, would hasten to its consummation the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the period when "nations shall learn war no more."

ELIHU BURRITT.

WORCESTER, U. S. A.

THE LAST NEW POLK-ER.—Mr. Polk would persuade us that the annexation of Texas is by special desire of the people of that State. The defence is ingenious but not original, being manifestly copied from the following lines in Barrow's "Gipsies of Spain:"—